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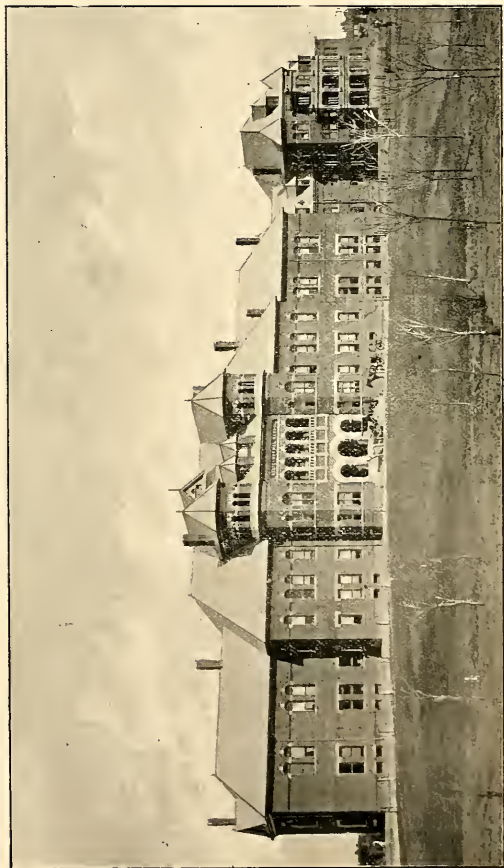


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STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

GREENSBORO, N. C., JUNE 15TH, 1897.

NO. 2.

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THE DUTY OF THE CLASS OF '97 TO THE STATE.

BERTHA M. DONNELLY, '97.

“Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy
With his marble blocks before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream in the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision,
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone—
He had caught that angel vision.”

The question of education to-day is coming to be—what is the most useful, the most strengthening, and the most uplifting. An old Latin adage says that “it is for life and not for school that instruction is given.” Preparation for life—that is what education means; such a development of all the powers as shall prepare for complete living. It broadens and develops the mental vision and enables one to

cope with the emergencies of life, for it is a well known fact that educated people can accomplish more for themselves and for others than the uneducated can.

In the battle of life as it is now being fought, education is a force which ranks as one of the first essentials of victory. A man entering the conflict with health, muscle, vigor of intellect, and industry, but lacking the discipline that education alone can give, is going to wage an unequal warfare.

Education is becoming necessary to success in all occupations in life and it matters little what one's ability or chosen vocation may be, for the best of minds need preparation for work. The cranks and blunderers of the world are often people of acuteness and perhaps real talent, but without sufficient culture to develop their powers.

Higher education and broader development are not *only* for our own satisfaction and advantage, but also for the benefit of others and the glory of our Maker. From the standpoint of duty this subject has resolved itself into three distinct divisions, viz: the duty we owe ourselves, the duty we owe God, and the duty we owe the State. I shall, however, treat but one of these divisions here, viz: the duty we owe the State. And do not we, the class of '97 owe a special duty to the State? See what it has done for us. Has it not, by establishing this college, enabled us to secure higher education? Here many of us have enjoyed advantages which otherwise we could not have secured. In return for this then, if not for the sake of humanity, we should do all we can to aid in advancing the education of the State and thus increasing its prosperity.

Yesterday our ancestors were molding the world for us. To-day we are taking it as they made it and molding it for the coming generation—either demoralizing it or immortalizing it—and they in turn will continue the process.

Now for the young people, whose ambitions are above mere money and worldly success, there is a large field open to-day. Never before was there such need for capable leaders to straighten disjointed relations and uplift the degraded classes. And who then is competent to do this? It is to the cultured men and women that this country looks for her advancement, those who, by all the training possible, have made their intellects clear, logical and ready for every kind of action, and their sentiments refined to embrace good and hate evil. For the poor man there is a realm of knowledge in which he may have possessions if he never calls an acre of land his own. This is not mere sentiment. It is as true as anything in practical life that education can emancipate us from much of life's drudgery. But whether we regard this question from an ideal or a strictly practical standpoint, the young

people who do not respond to the appeals for higher culture are going to be left behind in the advance of civilization.

As a ripple from a stone thrown into a lake spreads and moves onward until its influence is felt in the most distant parts of the waters, so human influence moves unseen and unheard, yet all the humanity of the world is moulded by that forceful power. What then shall our influence be? Shall it be that of narrow minded persons leading humanity on and on in the treadmill of mere existence, or shall we seize the highest advantages and broaden the path straight through to eternity?

The twentieth century will find its choicest heritage, the minds of the young people now making thorough preparation for service. In a few years untrained workers are going to be driven from the field and their places supplied by men and women of better equipment. Within the walls of this college the class of '97 has received the training which will fit its members for serviceable work in life, and it is the duty of each one to go forth into the State and endeavor to improve the condition of the people and uplift the lower classes by creating in them a desire for higher education, and, by aiding them to obtain it. With more advanced education will come better modes of life and along with these the progress and prosperity of the State.

The chief educational need of the State is first, a great awakening among the people, who, by their ideas and mode of living, create the atmosphere which is the breath of life to the school. Public opinion, for such this is, is very autocratic and very few people can stand up against it. Teachers feel its force at every turn, for it prevents intellectual advancement. It is hard enough for the teachers, but its blight falls with withering force upon the children who are to become the future citizens of our State.

The point that should be considered most of all in this awakening is the ABSOLUTE NECESSITY OF LOCAL TAXATION FOR THE SUPPORT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. The neglect to supplement by invested sums the small amount of money obtained is the most discouraging feature of the present condition. But there is a time and a place to begin and that time is now and that place is in every school district, either town or county. And just here the class of '97 may exert its influence and power in improving the educational condition of the State. After leaving here the members of the class will be scattered all over the State. Many of us will go to teach in districts where public opinion is against local taxation and higher, more advanced methods of education. The people of the community themselves make this public

opinion and it is because they are ignorant of educational thought and progress. As teachers, therefore, we should feel it our duty to do all we can to educate public opinion. We should endeavor to become leaders in every community and should make our influence felt. By doing this we can create a desire for higher education, and arouse the masses of the people to the peril of ignorance and the safety of universal education, and the duty of personal effort and local taxation for the support of the public school and for the advancement of educational methods.

The peace and prosperity of our State depends upon the intellectual and moral education of its citizens. But it is chiefly upon the moral education that these depend. The moral element is the very soul of government. It pervades every branch of the law, every system of justice and every system of public education. A corrupt morality dissolves the bonds of the social fabric, destroys the sense of security, crushes out the spirit of enterprise and fosters crime and anarchy. The future of the State, therefore, lies in the education given to the children, and this depends mainly upon the public schools. Start the children right and keep them under the purest and strictest moral discipline during their school life and the future of the State is assured.

The mass of children and youth in the schools of our land never receive their first moral lessons at home. They do not even know that they possess moral and spiritual natures. Immortality is no more familiar to them than the Hebrew language, and God, personal accountability, the soul, future life, and other kindred subjects are not included in their estimate of life. In this respect they are as truly heathen as the inhabitants of the dark continent. Where then, except in the public schools, are they going to secure this moral training? With this class we must insist upon proper views of life and correct the faults and bad habits of the pupils. A school that insists upon this gives to this class what gold cannot purchase.

But now comes the question of how the class of '97 may materially affect the moral condition of the State. First as faithful teachers we may set forth the priceless value of a good and upright character. Good actions flow from good motives, and we may, by our instruction, produce these good motives.

In the second place we may do by our spiritual influence. Now by spiritual influence is not necessarily meant religious influence alone. The spirit of the teacher determines the character of the children under her charge, and one that can rule herself can govern others.

To a teacher often comes the task of changing the spirit of a child. A bad boy or girl is usually one who looks upon the world from a wrong standpoint, and acts from a wrong spirit. Let the spirit be changed and all of the motives will be altered and the actions will be different. This can be accomplished through the teacher's personal influence and strength of character. A sulky or selfish boy can be made into a cheerful and generous one, not by coaxing and reasoning or even training, but by the influence of the teacher's own warm geniality. You know that this is so. Have you not known teachers who, by their own strong noble personality have changed the worst pupils in the school into earnest workers? In your own experience has there not been some teacher who has ruled her class with a subtle and unseen power, and who has had a great influence over your own life in changing its motives for the better? The changing of the spirit of the child, or whatever one may choose to call it, is the awakening of the soul of the child, and the accomplishment of this is one of the noblest works of a teacher. It is a task, however, which requires great personal sacrifice. It demands the giving of one's all and requires a strength and nobility of character which must be God given.

Children are veritable imitators and a teacher, consciously or unconsciously, gives more to her pupil than the instruction she imparts or the mental development she superintends—she gives herself, whatever that self may be.

Let us then realize the great importance of the spirit which we infuse into the lives of the children under our charge and so use our influence with them as to create in them the highest ideals of life.

Education is the chisel with which we shall carve the lives of the children of the State, and we are the sculptors of life as we stand here, awaiting the work which God has given us to do.

If we can do this work we shall not have lived in vain, and, by chiseling the lives of the children of our State into diviner shape, we shall strengthen it and increase its prosperity, for

“No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.”

THE JINGLE OF THE GUINEA.

HARRIET M. BERRY, '97.

When men are good and true, and stand shoulder to shoulder, the strength of any nation is in its quality of life, not in its land nor gold. Its wealth consists of the good, and therefore useful things, within its borders. Its money is but the written or coined sign of its relative quantities of wealth and may serve as a title-deed to a certain amount of property, or as a means of exchange. When regarded in this light, money fulfils its mission and is one of the blessings of humanity, for by its means all the luxuries of our physical and mental life are obtained.

But when sought as an end in itself, when hoarded only as an accumulation of gold it becomes the most exacting tyrant that ever wielded a scepter.

"What direful woes the hapless man attend,
Who in the means sees Life's supremest end."

The wretched miser—money's sordid slave—who has no joy save in hoarding ducats is surely an object of pity. He toils through the day and ponders through the night to swell his heap of tarnished gold. The half-starved beggar, whom he turns from his door, suffers less hunger. When money thus gains predominance over a man's heart and soul, it draws him away from all the ties that bind him to an ennobling career; it cuts the tender fibrils that connect his heart with the joys of childhood. There is nothing he will not suffer for the accumulation of coin. He will face belching cannon, clog his lungs with the dust of coal mines, become a worker in arsenic, lead, phosphorous, or any of the other substances fatal to life, blast with gunpowder, live amid malaria and risk his soul's peace in this world and the next, for gold.

People, who have lost faith in God and man, must find an outlet for their intense feelings, else madness will ensue, so many have fastened their affections upon the jingle and glitter of gold. The power of the guinea over human frailty is manifested daily. Silas Marner is not a wholly fictitious character but may be seen beneath the dusty cob-webs of many huts in our own merry land, feeding that insatiable appetite that has been forced upon him by the wickedness of others.

Shylock is not a dead creation, but a living, active force, helping to form the character of our nation. Scrooges are seen daily in our counting houses, just as eager for the click of coin. Men, wearing anxious and careworn visages, are seen

hourly hurrying along our streets to their ledgers, fearful of losing a few moments of the time, which to them is golden. Many of our citizens are so completely under the sway of the guinea that there is no music for them but its jingle, no beauty but its glitter, no happiness but in its presence.

Again, money is not only character, it is also power. It is not so often sought as an end, nor for the comforts that it can purchase, as for the influence it brings. The money king is ranked among the mightiest of the earth.

Time was when a Jew was persecuted in old England for making money, but now a Jew rules the Rulers. Even the tyrant Czar asks his permission before undertaking any war-like enterprise; the Turk is submissive to his royal sway and of him begs leave to indulge his bloody thirst. Britain makes him her humblest bow and begs of the Jew enough to put her trident in repair and pawns her diamonds while she implores the consent of a Rothschild "to rule the waves."

The money sovereign keeps no halls of state but holds his court in dingy rooms where greed and thrift resort. The iron chest is the fountain of his power; banks are his parlors; brokers are his lords; bonds, bills, mortgages, his favorite books; ledgers are his records; stock reports, his news; Kings are his subjects; gamblers, his knaves. The good, the bad prize his golden favors. High and low, young and old, all bow obedient to his royal sway. The ability and inclination to make money by bargains and shrewd investments are as strongly marked and as uncontrollable in such a genius as were the ability and the inclination of Shakespeare to produce a Hamlet, of Raphael to paint his cartoons, of Beethoven to compose his symphonies, of Morse to invent the telegraph.

Indeed, poverty is a condition that no one should accept, unless it is forced upon him by an inexorable necessity or as an alternative of dishonor. As civilization advances human life is becoming more and more significant, richer in opportunities and enjoyments. Science is multiplying with amazing rapidity the comforts and luxuries of life, and the means of self-culture, and money is the necromancer by which these are placed at our disposal. Money means the best food and raiment, the best medical attendance, books, music, pictures; a good seat in the concert and lecture room; the ability to rest when weary in body and brain, and, above all, independence of thought. Almost every step in life is conditioned on the "root of all evil." American life is fast becoming attuned to the jingle of the guinea and now, as in Shakespeare's time, "the learned pate ducks to the golden fool." In every institution of life its jingle is audible. Even the preacher's call swells from the

"still small voice" to a trumpet peal when it comes with the offer of a double salary. The parish that is made up of rich bankers, merchants, brokers and capitalists is seen to be a "larger field of labor" when viewed through the golden spectacles. Harassing doubts and indecision vanish like dew before the logic of five thousand a year and a parsonage.

Society is the uniting bond of the human race. Throughout all ages there have been classes of society just as there are strata in the foundations of the world. Rome, the model republic of the ancients, had her patricians to whom the plebs rendered homage. England has her aristocracy based on royal descent, but the dividing line of American Society is the Almighty Dollar.

We are now witnessing an age in which the dynasty of the Dollar is fast becoming supreme. Because of its place in men's hearts, the holy sacrament of marriage is frequently a commercial enterprise; men sell themselves like cattle and the highest privilege of the freeman is lost in the clink of coin.

"But the jingle of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels."

If Sir Mammon is seen sitting on the front benches of our cathedrals, the bosom friend of our bankers, the honored suitor of our maidens, much more is his presence felt in our political life. What great movements have stirred our country to its very foundations? What questions affect every political campaign and help to formulate the platforms of the respective parties but the questions of money and its distribution? It is not only the question discussed but also the means by which the discussions are determined. Men are not allowed to exercise their right of franchise unmolested, but bribery has become the fashion of the day and in many cases the poor are too ignorant of the laws of honor and integrity to resist this evil of evils. Men no longer associate an election with lofty patriotism, but regard it as a time of debauchery, when they can sacrifice a little more of their honor to the greed of gain.

"But the jingle of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels."

Literature has not escaped the unholy touch of gold. Time was, and it was not so very long ago, when penniless bards and low-born artists, ennobled by their creations, associated with the great and the wealthy as their equals, on the mere footing of their own innate nobility. But now the poor writer, striving to do right, must try to serve both God and Mammon; to make miserable compromises daily between the two great incompatibilities, what is true, and what will pay; he is com-

pelled to drive on in the Philistine's mill, or occasionally to make sport for them in a "light article" like some weary hearted clown grinning in a pantomime.

The whole tendency of the age has been to convert mind into matter. The writer, who has achieved some notoriety, feels that he must produce and go on producing whether he has inspiration or not, forgetful that all great literature is the growth of years and not the fungus of a night. Paradise Lost was the work of a life time; Tennyson took long years to feel and express his great lyric. Yet modern authors write books yearly, nay, one may say monthly, for the publisher who offers a few additional cents per word.

Hence modern literature is born of the mart, not of study. Everything about it savours of money, money, money. Instead of stimulating the recipient to mental activity, it produces only lethargy and numbness, a pleasant sensation to the inveterate reader of the popular novel.

Yet I would have no one think that I underrate the ability of our writers or consider them overpaid. On the other hand I think they are sadly underpaid for the good they do humanity; but the great author feels his reward in the satisfaction of knowing that his work for mankind is accomplished, that he has delivered the message with which he was entrusted. Then, why should the young aspirant for immortality, or the scholar who enjoys the intellectual riches of the world, care for vulgar display. or seek to rival those whose only enjoyment is in material things? Why should he degrade his high calling by yielding to the commercial spirit? When literature shall assume this garb and live for money, one of the glories of life will have departed.

But the man who has the art of coining dollars into days, of so spending his money as to convert matter into mind, has reached a pinnacle to which many aspire. Let us venerate the man who gives his dollars generously while the donor lives. "Man cannot live by bread alone;" he must have mental as well as physical food and the money sovereign who recognizes this fact and gives with a hand still potent to enforce his well-aimed bounty is supremely blest.

"One such as this the captious world could find,
In noble Perkins, the angel of the blind;
One such as this in princely Lawrence shone,
Ere heavenly kindred claimed him for their own."

Years ago the Great Deliverer came and the Babel-tyranny of Rome fell, even as the more fearful, more subtle, more diabolical tyranny of Mammon shall fall, ere

long. The commercial world of selfish competition, drunken with the blood of God's people, whose merchandise is the bodies and souls of men—its doom has gone forth. And when the tyrants of the earth, rejoicing in their sins, the plutocrats, the money-changers and devourers of labor are crying to the rocks to hide them from the wrath of Him that sitteth on the throne, the laborer shall be free; the thirst of gold allayed; the jingle of the guinea drowned. Then the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, and mankind shall at last own their true King. Then shall his sacrament be an everlasting sign to all the nations of the World, of freedom, equality, brotherhood, of Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will toward men.

A COMPARATIVE STUDY OF "LYCIDAS," "ADONAI" AND "IN MEMORIAM."

A paper prepared as a part of the work required in the Senior class in English, after a class study of these poems.

BESSIE LEWIS WHITAKER, '97.

"Lycidas," "Adonais," "In Memoriam!" Each calls forth a flood of feeling in the human heart. Each reveals a soul struggling with a great sorrow, seeking relief in words, crying out for a ray of light to penetrate the darkness and mystery of life. Each is a memorial song for a young friend. Yet each bears its own distinctive mark of genius, each has its own peculiar strain and each appeals to the mind in a totally different way.

In an allegoric pastoral, Milton mourns the death of Edward King, the friend of college days who has lost his life at sea. He is transformed into a shepherd bewailing the death of his fellow shepherd, "Lycidas."

Shelley, indignant at the supposed cause of the death of Keats, has a double motive in his singing, and "Adonais" abounds in bitterest invective as well as tenderest feeling.

In "In Memoriam" there is a depth of feeling not found in either "Adonais" or "Lycidas." Personal grief is stamped on every line of the poem. Arthur

Hallam was even more to Tennyson than Edward King to Milton, than Keats to Shelley. Milton, whose craving for "inward ripeness" had led him to lay aside his pen, resorts to verse when moved by

"Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear."

For he feels that his friend

"Must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of some melodious tear."

After the beautiful pictures of the life on the "self same hill" there comes the cry

"O the bitter change now thou art gone!"

Shelley's poem too is teeming with sorrow and pathos as he portrays, in lofty dirge, the calamity which has befallen the world in the death of "Adonais."

Yet compare the expression of grief, beautiful as it is, as found in these two poems, with the heart throbbing of "In Memoriam." Tennyson feels it "half a sin" to put in words a sacred grief. Verse is used to "deaden pain" and later he sings, as the linnet, because he "must;" to him nature is no longer the same, "a web is wov'n across the sky," and he is in utter despair and darkness as he stands at earliest morning before the deserted house of his friend.

"And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day."

"Lycidas" is not a metaphysical poem. Milton does not attempt to solve the problems of life or to fix the exact relation of the human life to eternity. Death is recognized as an awful power breaking off man's life. At the moment when the promise of life seems greatest

"Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears
And slits the thin spun life."

Yet, in the mind of Milton, death has been conquered, for, his friend perishing in the waves, sinks, but as the "day star," to rise again in glorious form and this too "Thro' the dear might of Him that walked the waves."

Milton's conception of immortality is a beautiful one. Lycidas has been transferred to the realms of bliss

"There entertain him all the saints above
In solemn troops and sweet societies
That sing and singing in their glory move
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes."

Shelley's conceptions of life, death and immortality stand in striking contrast to those of Milton and Tennyson. To Shelley life is a dream, ghastly and gloomy, fraught with envy, pain and strife, and hearts grow cold and heads grow "grey in vain;" man is in this life undergoing a constant process of decay; he is daily consumed by fear and grief; he is contaminated by the stain of the world. All here is unrest and sorrow. Men are but shadows. "Life is a dome of many-coloured glass." The same white radiance of eternity shines in life and the different manifestations are owing to the variety in the stain of the glass.

Death is an awakening. Shelley pictures Adonais as neither dead nor asleep, but simply awakened from the dream of life.

"He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he."

Tennyson has surely known the bitterness of life, but from the fiery ordeal he, at last, emerges believing that life with all its sorrow is a place of development for the human soul, that man here has opportunity for soul expansion, that joy, as well as sorrow, is to contribute to this end and while still yearning for Hallam he exclaimed,

"O days and hours your work is this,
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss."

Tennyson portrays death as the "Shadow feared of man."

* * * * "That shadow, cloaked from head to foot,
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds."

God and immortality ! The thoughts of three great minds on subjects of such moment are vitally interesting to mankind. Not one doubt is expressed as to the existence of God and the immortality of the human soul. But to Shelley God is an all pervading essence.

"That light whose smile kindles the universe,
That beauty in which all things work and move."

The soul of man is to be made one with God and nature—to be absorbed in the General Whole. The spirit is a portion of the Eternal, glowing unquenchably through time and change. In spite of Shelley's decided Pantheistic views there is much that is beautiful in his conception of immortality, and, though he represents Adonais as made "one with nature," and "There is heard His voice in all her

music," yet it is worthy of note that the poet elsewhere, with apparent inconsistency, indicates the preservation of the individuality of the soul.

Tennyson sees God and Hallam in Nature but in the sense that the works of Nature are manifestations of God's power and love. He declares that the idea of

"Remerging in the General Soul
Is faith as vague as all unsweet"

and triumphantly exclaims

"Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside."

Tennyson recognizes God, found by him through faith and love, after reason and speculation and evil dreams of nature have been laid aside, as incomprehensible to finite man, as

"The power in darkness whom we guess."

Tennyson's conception of immortality differs from that of Shelley in that it is the Christian rather than the Pantheistic view. Milton's idea of peace and love and bliss in another life and his hope and faith in Christ accord well with the strain of "In Memoriam." But Tennyson not only gives voice to those sentiments, but represents the future life as one of continuous progress and a perfecting of the life begun in this world.

Milton and Shelley might both exclaim with Tennyson "My own dim life shall teach me this, That life shall live forevermore." The words, "I know transplanted human worth will bloom to profit elsewhere," might have been uttered by Milton as well as Tennyson. But to the last of these three great poets belongs the glory of having shown in this "In Memoriam," wrought out during a period of seventeen years of suffering and doubt, that the human life with its trials and hardships has a distinct and important place in God's plan for man's salvation and that knowledge, guided by wisdom, is gradually to achieve—the happiness of mankind and the glory of God. "Ring out wild bells," and "Good shall fall, at last far off, far off to all," illustrate the spirit of the whole poem. Progress not only in this word but in another, reechoes.

"Those we call the dead,
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends."

Life is not in vain for

"All we thought and loved and did
And hoped and suffered is but seed
Of what in them is flowers and fruit."

Shelley's method of reasoning is purely objective, his conclusions are reached through the contemplation of the nature and relations of things seen; Tennyson reasons subjectively, submitting all questions to the divine within man; while Milton proceeds within the preconception of God, Christ and immortality.

Widely different as are Shelley, Milton and Tennyson, there is yet a strange accord in some of their utterances. To both Milton and Shelley life is a time of exile from a better world. Milton recognizes that life may be wrought out by each for good or bad here on earth; Shelley represents life as all darkness; Tennyson triumphantly exclaims,

"All, as in some piece of art,
Is toil co-operant to an end."

Tennyson was more like Milton than Shelley. Their utterances on the great practical questions of life bear a striking similarity.

"In each of the three great elegies we see the incarnation of the universal sorrow and its universal effect."

OPEN THY HEART.

Admit unto thy silent breast
The notes of but one bird,
And instantly thy soul will join
In jubilant accord.

The perfume of a single flow'r
Inhale like breath of God,
And in the garden of thy heart
A thousand birds will nod.

Toward one star in heaven's expanse
Direct thy spirit's flight,
And thou wilt have in the wide world,
My child, enough delight.

—JOHANNA AMBROSIO'S.

JOVE'S BLESSING.

THE WHAT—A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

Written for this occasion by Robert D. Douglas.

THE WHO.

JOVE	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Tempie Parker
JUNO	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Oeland Barnett
MINERVA	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Margaret McCaull
VENUS	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Julia Settle
MERCURY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Maud Miller
DIANA	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mary McKoy
MESSSENGER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Minnie Dancy
ZENOBI	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mary Winbourne
ESTHER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lilla Young
BOEDICEA	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lucy Coffin
CORRELIA	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Fannie Harris
JOAN D'ARC	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Lily Boney
ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Nettie Murray

THE WHERE—ON MOUNT OLYMPUS:

Act I—Garden of the Gods. Act II—Judgment Hall. Act III—Throne Room.

THE WHEN—MAY 15TH, A. D., 1897.

Act I—Morning. Act II—Afternoon. Act III—Evening.

THE WHY—TO GIVE HONOR TO HIM TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

Staged and conducted by Mrs. B. C. Sharpe, teacher of Elocution.

Specialities by Miss Laura H. Coit, Teacher of Physical Culture.

Music by the Brockmann Orchestra.

JOVE:—And by my power, it is most passing strange, this fierce wild clamor I do hear upon the earth. They call it—What? Aye, Women's Rights, that is the name. And what is women's rights? Have not you (to Juno) weaker vessels, as you are want to call yourselves, e'en from the time when our great father Saturn first called ye forth for Man's eternal blessing or his curse, have not ye, up till now, made and unmade the mightiest works of man? And do ye not now rule his every

act? And still ye cry for more, and prate of woman's rights so long denied. I'll give your mortal sisters all they ask, and more. And 'fore the sun has one short orbit made they'll cry it's shame that men no longer worship them, as in the earlier better days. (To goddesses) If any mortal man rules e'en so much as his own home, I know him not. I'm sure I never did.

JUNO:—My lord is pleased to jest, for all men know he has a wife who bends her to his every wish, and does what he is pleased to think is for the best.

JOVE (to Minerva):—Why that clouded brow? Does trouble sit upon your mind and mar your rest? Are you, too, helping with this mighty row?

MINERVA:—Yes, august Jove, it is our right we want.

JOVE:—Well said, you each shall have a man to rule, to pet, to worry and to love.

VENUS:—Our thanks, great ruler, and the thanks of all our sisters dear upon the earth, we ask no more.

MINERVA:—'Tis false! We do ask more. We ask our rights. We ask that we be equal made with man.

VENUS:—We ask that we be left superior far! A something higher, nobler, purer than the baser nature of poor erring man.

JOVE:—I cannot please you both—that much is sure. (Aside). One asks me so to act, the other so, and there I am. No matter how I speak I'll raise a row. Fate only knows what I should do. (To goddesses)—But can you not agree? I fain would please you both but know not how. (To Juno)—What thinks our Queen upon this question deep? It is too much for me: I'll soon be back to hear what has been done. [Exit Jove.]

JUNO:—I think I never will be found so foolish as you both. Why do you disagree? Can not you find room upon the earth for women of both kinds?

MINERVA:—But then, we ask our rights from Jove who holds all power upon the earth and here.

JUNO:—Your what?

MINERVA:—Our rights.

JUNO:—And who withholds your rights?

MINERVA:—'Tis man! False, cruel man, who says to us we shall be slaves,

and he our master be. But we have long enough submitted to his will. We'll rise in all our power and break our chains.

JUNO (laughs):—'Tis plain you never yet have been upon the earth.

MINERVA:—To you our troubles seem a joke.

JUNO:—'Tis true, they do. A tempest in a teapot raised.

DIANA:—Why vex your minds about so small a thing as man?

VENUS and MINERVA:—(in chorus) So small a thing!

JUNO (looks at both and laughs):—(To Diana).—One wants to be man's slave, the other would be master over him, but both must have a man. That's sure.

MINERVA:—Yes, man a necessary evil is.

VENUS:—Yes, man is — (Diana breaks in).

DIANA:—“ Well, well, I'm glad my pleasure ” — (breaks off and looks around).

MERCURY (coming in):—Pray what is all this war of words?—a sewing circle, or a tea? My life's in danger, but I'm here, and here I'll stay and see it out.

MINERVA and VENUS:—Sir! (Both look haughty. Diana laughs).

MERCURY:—A cold reception this! (To Minerva and Venus).—What have I done to merit such a freezing glance from such bright eyes?

MINERVA (looks pleased. Indifferently):—Oh, nothing. We were but discussing how we are enslaved by cruel man.

VENUS:—We were but saying trifling words, such as we may not here repeat for fear you'll think we wanted you to come. (Smiles at him).

MERCURY (tenderly):—And did you not? I'll go. (Pretends to start).

MINERVA (alarmed):—Oh, hurry not! we can be brave, and bear your presence for a little while.

(Diana laughs, aside. Minerva scowls at her).

VENUS:—You are most welcome, sir.

JUNO:—Kind sir, I would not have you think I care not for your presence, but I now must go and seek my lord. He's rested long enough; 'tis time for work, and in my household I am all supreme. Jove thinks he rules, but little does he know that it is I who really am the power. I'll not enlighten him! I'll let him rule the earth and sky, but I'll rule him and so be all he is and more. And so can every woman act if she but knows to flatter man and tell him how she bows to his great wisdom, learning deep and stronger will, and (twisting her fingers) she can do him thus, and he, poor fool, will never know, but still will boast of how his wife in all

things yields to him and does his wish. I want no rights but such as I can get myself and yet not seem to seek them. I must go. (To crowd).—Wilt walk with me in search of him (mockingly) to whom I bow in humble mein and sweet submission?

MERCURY:—I thank thee, Queen, but I have journeyed long, and rest is sweet. (Looks tenderly at Venus).

(Minerva and Diana start to follow Juno.)

VENUS (looks at Mercury, hesitates and says to Juno):—Well, (slyly) I suppose since all seem loth to stay, I'll have to, though I, too, would much prefer to go. But it would be rude to leave our guest alone, and so I will remain and try to show him proper courtesy, e'en though 'twill be a most unwelcome task. (Smiles at Mercury. Mercury ditto).

(Juno, Minerva and Diana go). (Diana looks back and laughs. Minerva sneers).

MERCURY:—I thought, I hoped it would be so.

VENUS:—(coily)—What would be so?

MERCURY:—That you would stay, and let me gaze into your eyes, and see their depths, and dream of all most sweet and fair (takes her hand.) It is for moments such as this that man is well content to toil and wait; to bear the torrid heat or arctic cold. His proudest moments seem most empty, void, and lifeless if he has no one to share his triumphs great; and when low clouds o'erhang his sky and all seems dark, it is the sound of woman's voice that sends the sunshine to his heart; and all his woe is soon forgot.

VENUS:—(teasing)—Did you not hear what wise Minerva said? That woman's place was not as slave to man, but as his compeer in the race of life?

MERCURY:—I heard it all; (but hesitates.)

VENUS:—But; but what? I see you smile; whence comes your mirth?

MERCURY:—I was but thinking how Minerva wished that you were with the Queen and she were here.

VENUS:—You are not at all conceited, Sir! (Withdraws her hands).

MERCURY:—No, not a bit.

VENUS:—You do misjudge her thoughts. For though she be of different mind from me, I do believe her firm conviction rests with all she says.

MERCURY:—I doubt it. But still I said what I did say. But even you seem scarcely glad to see me come. Dost thou think, too, that it is weak to love a man, and wish to quit the world and make his home thy world, his wish thy law?

VENUS:—And if I did I'd think myself most weak. (Looks coy. Mercury springs forward, Venus steps back).

VENUS (startled.)—Be still! I hear them coming. (Different voice, as Juno and others approach.) Yes, very true, these fleecy clouds which lightly fleck the sky do tell of rain, and I am much afraid storms are brewing soon to break upon our heads, but still today is fair. (To Juno) What do you think? And will to-morrow's sun shine brightly down, or will his face be hid behind dark clouds and mists?

JOVE (enters.)—What, a man! a man! behold the cause of this wordy war that shakes our throne and e'en bids fair to put some silver thread among our hair. (To Minerva) Have settled your dispute and gotten all you want?

MINERVA:—No, not one point, I still am seeking for my rights.

JOVE (To Venus):—Have gotten what you want?

VENUS (Looks aside at Mercury):—I think I have.

MINERVA:—I'll never be content until my sisters all are free to do whatever pleases them the most; and free to act in all things as men do act.

JOVE:—Enough, enough! We will not mar our ease with such vain quarrels, of which nothing comes. I will hear you both in solemn conclave, in our judgment hall, and make decree. We have some mortal shades to judge, and after that this trial comes. So well prepare ye both.

[CURTAIN.]

ACT II.—JUDGMENT HALL.

Jove seated on throne, Juno by his side a little lower. Diana, Mercury, Venus and Minerva grouped around.

MERCURY:—All notice take that Jove in Judgment sits on high Olympus. Come ye here who have complaint to make or want your wrongs redressed, for Jove is mighty—Jove is just and Jove is kind. Pause.

DIANA:—Great Jove, I am no party to the war which hath disturbed your quiet ease. I neither want a slave nor master. I am well content to go my way and let all men go theirs. A glance of scorn unto the gay I give; and to the grave a pitying smile whene'er we chance to meet; and at the vain conceits of all, I laugh; their pretty ways or fancied learning deep which is not deep enough to hide their lack of it;—I laugh, and they, poor fools, e'en share my merriment, not knowing that it is a laugh of scorn; but thinking 'tis a laugh of coy desire and longing for a

nearer knowledge of their charms. So I laugh anew. But since my sisters here hold different views from me as from each other, I do pray as mediator twixt the two, that you may hear them both and then in wisdom make decree.

JOVE:—But if you no interest have, do you desire this question to be heard?

DIANA:—I have a woman's reason, Sir;—because.

JOVE.—That settles it! The question shall be heard. You now have used an argument so deep, profound, that man hath never yet been gifted so e'en as to understand it quite—to answer it he hath most wisely never dared to make attempt, well knowing that it would mean disgrace and utter rout and so he yields as I do now. All other business shall be laid aside, and I will hear you straight. Pause.

JOVE:—Well who begins? Pause.

JOVE:—(Shaking his head.)—There's something wrong; four women here and not one sound is heard. This proves that man has much misjudged your sex and been unjust.

MERCURY:—Great King 'twas never known before.

MINERVA:—Some minds ne'er know a jest and some are pleased to jest in jesting-time, and some when'er they know not what to say in answer to a question grave and deep, make a jest thus hoping they will laugh to scorn the argument to which they cannot answer make. We ask no aid of laughter or jest. We only ask that we be fairly heard upon our views which we do know are right and just.

VENUS:—Our place is not to speak and argue 'fore the court of august Jove. We know his wisdom and are willing now to let him say his will upon our small dispute. But it pleases him that we should stand and say what we do think, we yield our wish.

JUNO:—My lord does wish to hear you both before he makes decree. Aye, do you not, my lord?

JOVE:—(To Juno)—Do I?

JUNO:—(To Jove)—You do.

JOVE:—(To crowd)—I do. I wish to hear you both before I make decree. I wait your pleasure, so proceed.

MINERVA:—Most gracious king, the worlds' great annals bear the name of many a woman who in her hand the mighty sceptre held or did great deeds of worth

and prowess high. And do not such a band show to the world what woman has already done, what women now can do?

VENUS:—We too can show your majesty the names writ in the deathless annals of the past of women who in every age and clime her home her kingdom made, her husband king, and still the world bows down, and calls her great and blesses her, and holds her 'fore the eyes of girlhoods' tender years as guiding star to show the port which leads most sure the way unto that harbor safe, and sweet content—to all most dear to woman's inmost heart.

JOVE:—Enough! Words, great and noble though they be, are only words, mere blossoms fair; but deeds are deeds, the fruit of reason's tree; and though the blossoms far outnumber it, the fruit most precious is, most certainly doth show the worth and kind that mark the parent tree that bore it: and doth make a plea unto the husbandman that often comes to view his own and see how goes his gardens, vines and trees; so I would judge. I've listened much to words of what may now be done but has not been. The words that have borne fruit of noble deeds are such as I would hear. Would strengthen both your cause?

MINEVA:—Our cause we know is just and never doubt or dark misgivings e'er have marred our rest or filled our slumbers with strange shapes that will not leave but which in mad career do ever whirl and turn and twist. But if your majesty is kind enough to name a way, 'twould give us greatest pleasure to obey.

VENUS:—Our Sovereign's wish is ours, in all things but the most in this. If he will only say his wish we now henceforth will yield a glad obedience to his will.

JOVE:—We only thought it would not be amiss to call unto your aid those friends of yours who have adorned the stage of life and lent it so much lustre. Let each her story tell and give her views upon this subject vast which now so long has occupied this court and still has never end in sight, if any end there be.

MINERVA:—Most wise is Jove's command. I first would call Palmyra's mighty queen who scorned to idly sit upon the throne and yield to other hands the power so justly hers. No slave to man was she, but master over him. Her hand ne'er trembled nor her courage quailed. She shows what womankind can do when high ambition fills her soul and holds her far aloof from petty cares and more ignoble ends.

JOVE:—(To Mercury).—Well, call her forth, we'll hear what she shall say and weigh it well. (Exit Mercury re-enter with Zenobia).

MERCURY:—The famed Zenobia, proud Palmyra's queen.

JOVE:—Most welcome queen; wilt tell us your life and what you think of woman's place in all the world's affairs?

ZENOBIA:—(Bowing).—I bow to Jove, and to his queen I bow, but never did I bow to mortal man or serve his beck and call. The proudest city of the eastern world did call me queen, and when I smiled, it laughed, and when I sighed it wept, and when I frowned it bent its head and prayed for mercy and for life. The Roman came. I clipped his eagle's wings and whipped him home. Again he came. Again I drove his scattered armies back into the West. And then he came again, the world behind his back, his myriad warriors covering all the plain,—and all for one poor woman's capture. All the world it took to break my power, my pride it could not bend. I scorned his mercy and despised his hate. I was my master, I alone. I leave to meaner souls the courtier's task. I lived a queen, I died as did become a queen.

VENUS:—And now, great Jove, I too would ask a queen what she does think. 'Tis noble Esther I would have you ask to come.

JOVE:—(To Mercury).—Conduct her in. (Exit Mercury and return with Esther).

MERCURY:—Queen Esther, wife of Persia's lord.

JOVE:—Good queen, we fain would hear what you do think should be the life of all your sister-kind.

ESTHER:—I was a queen. I saved a nation's life. No war of mine made widow's hearts to mourn. No stricken country cursed me 'neath its breath. I used no arms but these (extends her arms bare) but all success was mine. When Persia's King decreed my people's doom, a thousand mighty swords could forth have leaped and hurried on to save their dear ones' lives, but 'twould have been in vain; the blow all heavier would have come on us. But gentle words from woman's fragile lips are stronger than ten thousand mighty swords. So to the king I went in humble mien, and plead that my people might be spared, and that his nobler nature might control his deeds and link his name with mercy, not with hate, and so his memory might be ever joined unto a prayer, and not a muttered curse. I went, and he who laughed to scorn the threats of armed resistance to his will, soon yielded up that will, cast from his mind all hate, and honored them whose doom he had decreed. Thus woman serves her people and herself, and for this deed I will

remembered be, so long as dropping water wears away the rock, the sledges heaviest blows have failed to break.

MINERVA:—The mistress of the Britains bold I next would hear.

JOVE:—(Nods to Mercury, Mercury goes out and returns with Boadicea).

MERCURY:—The British warrior queen !

JOVE:—(Bows). Fair lady we would ask you what your mind doth say upon the question, whether womankind is weak ?

BOADICEA:—Weak woman ! I do hate the word, the basest slander that the world has known. Weak woman ! Pray, and who is so much stronger than he dares to call us weak ? When Roman legions trained and skilled in war, came forth to take our island home, who met the bold invaders in the field and fought most fiercely then for all they held most dear ? And was it man ? Who led the charge for country, home and babes ? And, was that to my warriors left, while I, their queen, a poor weak woman, stayed at home and wept and prayed and feared ? If this were true, then might you call me weak ; fit only for a plaything, or a toy. Go ask Rome's proudest whom they found 'mongst all of Britains warriors hardest of defeat ? And they will say it was a queen—a woman weak ? Yes, weak enough to lead her host to battle for their rights and then to die. But what of that—a woman's heart in sunshine may be light and yield to man the right to rule ; but when the gods become unkind and smite, 'tis then that woman's heart and soul and mind should rise above the grosser soul of man and do, and suffer what he dreads and fears and flees. And there is nothing that she may not do—no word too hard, no place too high, no bounds to woman's will or her desire ; aye, or her power, if she but rightly acts.

VENUS:—Cornelia next I'll summon her to speak.

(Jove motions to Mercury, Mercury exits and returns with Cornelia.)

MERCURY:—A Roman Lady, proud Cornelia.

JUNO:—My lord, kind Lady, much would like to know what of your rights you think ; and whether you did long for freedom's gifts ?

CORNELIA:—My rights ? I always had my rights. Or else I was deprived and knew it not. Whate'er I wanted I did make it known and it was straightway done. My life was full, no void did e'er come into my home ; my home held all I loved and held enough. The noisy weary world I little knew and little wished to know. I thanked the gods I did not have to toil and slave and work amid its crowds with weary, aching brain, grief laden mind and empty loveless heart. My

husband was the prop on which I leaned; his fame I shared, his joy, his grief. And when, midst loud acclaim, he journeyed through the streets and all that saw him loved him much for his great worth and noble soul, I felt the tears of gratitude well up into my eyes and wash away all trace of care or grief, of weariness or pain. I loved my home, my noble sons; and when at last I might no longer have them at my side, my very grief was not unmixed with joy. And in the quiet of my home and friends I found content. My worthy husband, noble sons—the brightest jewels that the earth e'er bore were taken from me, but I freely gave, and glorified in the giving, and when life was done I went to meet my treasures in the other world with peace and joy and sweet content.

MINERVA:—But did you never long to be more free? To lay aside the household's petty care and carve a separate future for yourself, and be enrolled among the great of earth?

CORNELIA:—What do you ask? Give peace for turmoil? rest for drudgery hard? or love for hate? or friendship's warm esteem for cold indifference from a stranger crowd? No, never! Never, would I change my lot. All that I wished was mine.

MINERVA:—For witness next and last I'll call the peasant girl of France, and we will hear her tale of things most strange; a life was hers that shows the power of woman even though of lowly birth and place.

(Mercury exits and returns with Joan of Arc.)

MERCURY:—The maid of Orleans fair and pride of France.

JUNO:—Great Jove and all this godly company would hear you tell of what you think is woman's place in life.

JOAN OF ARC:—You ask me woman's place? 'Tis what she makes it for herself. There is no place nor high nor low at which she may not always aim nor aiming reach. A peasant girl was I, of lowly birth and humble station, much unlearned in all the world calls learning. Fate did seem to hold for me a life of toil and care, obscurity and gloom. But I did conquer fate, and rise above my mean conditions all. The flower of France's proudest chivalry did bow and humbly follow where I pleased to lead; and kings and courts did do me honor great.

VENUS:—But had not you a special mission from the gods, which other women may not claim?

JOAN OF ARC:—A mission from on high I had, tis true—and so has every other woman on the earth, a nobler grander mission than the gods on man hath e'er

bestowed, and if she'll seek it, find it, follow it, her name will blessed be, her self beloved, and she will leave a legacy behind of gracious memory, and her name will be a blessed invocation. I am proud to stand before your majesty and say to all my sisters on the earth or here—high honors, stations, places all are yours if you but seek them with a steadfast heart and courage high and noble aims!

VENUS:—I'll trouble you no more but only once. That blessed lady I would see who is called Elizabeth or Hungary's sainted queen.

(Mercury exits and returns with Elizabeth).

MERCURY:—Elizabeth of Hungary.

JOVE:—Good Queen, you are most welcome. We have heard of your good deeds, your love for all who know distress and want. We pray you tell how you do feel upon the question which doth perplex our minds. For what was woman made?

ELIZABETH:—My eyes first opened in a royal room; my childhood days were spent amid the pomp and glittering splendor of my father's court, and when, though still of tenderest years I left my home, it was to go, the bride of Hungary's king. Fate seemed to smile on me, but soon all changed and sorrow came; and then my life was flecked with sad and gay, with smiles and tears replacing each with swiftest change. But soon I learned the lesson all should know; that not in places high beneath the gaze of all men's eyes is joy best found; but in the quiet rest of calm seclusion sweet with love to guide the way and charity to follow it. Yes, this is woman's place. To patient be and sweet and good and gentle and to bless the earth and make her coming like a benediction soft; to make all better for her presence there, and smooth the troubled brow, and bring to weary souls a light and hope; to aching hearts a balm. 'Tis nobler far to labor for the lowly ones of earth in charity and love, than in the foremost ranks of fame to stand and battle fiercely lest we lose our place; and then 'tis happier too, for words of love, sincerely whispered by the lips of those whose hearts we may not doubt, shed sweeter fragrance on the brain than e'er can come from shouts of empty praise from those who shout for their own gain. Upon the minds of womankind two words should be impressed forever, and forever stay to guide her steps through life; and these two words are charity and love.

DIANA (To Jove):—Right patiently you have listened, noble Jove, to each one who has come to tell her views upon this thing. Now, if my sisters (to Venus and Minerva) each will tell why she doth take the stand she does, I'm sure our

king would better know the reasons for your differences of thought and so give judgment wise and just. And for myself I then might see why all this fuss is raised about a thing which to me seems most light and worthy of but little thought.

JOVE (To Juno):—I would be pleased to hear them, would I not?

JUNO (To Jove):—You would. (To Venus and Minerva) proceed. My husband bids me say he would be pleased to hear what you would say.

MINERVA:—Great Jove, I need but little time for empty speech. Ten thousand tongues, the grandest that the world has known, could never plead for woman half so well as all the wrongs that she so long has borne, and still does bear from man. His slave she is, and though her fetters sometimes be of gold, they yet are hateful for they mark the slave. What we do want is not a gilded niche wherein to stand and hear man's empty homage mocking us. We are no toys, no playthings, no vase of fragile texture to be put away and kept afar from everyone but him who owns us. We are flesh and blood, and heart and soul, and brain. Man's equal; so ordained by him who made us both. 'Tis this we want and only this—an equal chance to prove our worth—and then if we do fail, it is our fault. We ask for that which nature hath bestowed on us, and man has taken, that we may be free to follow our own aims and work out our own fates.

JOVE:—And now what says the gentle Venus to all this?

VENUS:—I am a woman, noble Jove, with all a woman's attributes and so I feel within my heart that in the presence of this august throng is not the place for me to boldly stand and loud declaim and argue and contend. I feel constrained and little at my ease, and so I'll say my say and so be done. You have already heard the Jewish Esther, noblest of her race, and fair Cornelia, pride of proudest Rome, and Hungary's queen whose joy it was to give to all a portion of her store, and good for evil deeds return; and thousands more in every age and clime whose lives were spent in deeds not unlike those could raise their voice and tell you that the place to woman given by the powers on high was in the quiet of her own home life—and not beneath the burning scorching sun of never ceasing strife which in the paths of men shines fiercely down. What though the rabble crowd should call her name or give their fickle admiration to her deeds, what has she then? An empty loveless heart, an aching brain. Would any one who knows the true from the false or fire-tried gold from other metals of a baser sort e'er choose the plaudits of the vulgar crowd or what she falsely names with freedom's name, and cast aside the never dying love of one great soul, one mighty mind, one heart that in its single bounds more of

good and nobleness doth hold than she will ever find among the crowd; though millions may be there? Should woman choose to be the guiding star, the light, the love, the very life of one great man, or be the struggling compeer of a crowd of meaner sort? I've nothing more to say, I know how I would choose, if others should prefer the other path they have my pity and my prayers.

JOVE:—Art finished both? (Pause).

(Minerva and Venus bow assent).

JOVE:—Much has been said before us here today; and every age and every clime has given testimony of the part which women played in molding, shaping all that made it what it was. And many names we've heard and forces seen which should make every woman proud to be a member of that mighty band whose handiwork is written down on every page that shows the progress that the world has made. And some believed in being in the van of fiercest battles—and some thought their work lay in the paths of science deep—some thought the sphere of women was the home, and there her duty lay: But all their places filled and proudly should men look upon their deeds. And now for our decree: Upon this subject we have pondered long, and given weighty thought, and looked from every side and phase and aspect which it wears and our resolve is made. E'en since the world began, has woman ruled although 'twas often so men knew it not, but still 'twas true; and better has become the world and better stayed for woman's work, and hence to womankind we say—rule on as you have ever done, and care not for the name of ruler high and mighty but leave that still to man. And then rule man, and through him rule the world! For this is Jove's decree, and his high thunder bolts shall fall upon the luckless head of any man who dares to question or to disobey. We've done; when next we meet no words of controversy will I hear. This judgment stands for now and evermore.

ACT III.

JOVE:—Well, well; if I did think that e'er again such a scene must needs go through, I would resign my sceptre on this spot, and in the farthest corner of the nether world seek an asylum where such things are never heard, but woman takes whate'er she wants without so much as asking for her rights. (Exit).

JUNO:—Tut, tut (to crowd.) But mind him not—my lord is weary with the cares of state and must be humored, petted and carressed, and so brought back to thinking that himself and all the world are moving smoothly on without a jar.

Cannot some one devise a means whereby this may be done, and Jove be put in humor with himself and us?

DIANA:—This row was not my making, but if I can serve to smooth the wrinkles in his august brow and make him light of heart, despite his high resolve to play the martyr's part, I willingly will do whatever's in my power. What think you all of making for our lord a show wherein we sing and dance, and doing such things, at seeing which he will forget his worries and fatigue, and with light laughter pass away the hours?

VENUS:—'Tis good—we'll show him what we women frail can do. We'll sing a song, whose low, sweet sound will soothe his tired brain and bring him ease; and we will dance as women used to dance in long past days, when stately dames and maidens fair ne'er knew this mad unrest and *isms* were unknown, and science ne'er perplexed the feminine mind.

MINERVA:—For shame! Would have him think we are but children young or shallow-minded things, not counterpart unto man's nobler nature, cleansed of all its dross? We'll sing a song, but 'twill be such a one as soon will stir his sluggish blood and spur him on to nobler deeds. And we will do such things as make us strong and light of limb, and brain, fit helpmates for the mightiest kind of man.

DIANA:—What, have you never yet made end of this dispute? If my advice doth count for aught you'll both forget your differences of thought, so far at least as now to join in friendly aims, and be in sight of Jove as sisters, loving each the other one, and here uniting both to make amusement for your king.

JUNO:—That is most true. Let Jove now see you both do humbly bow to his decree, and each forget the strife which held you twain. For he hath said his will in that dispute and much 'twill vex him to be braved by you. But if you be of one accord in this, to make for him a pleasant holiday, he'll think you both forgiving, kind and sweet, and both will stand most high in his esteem. I'll summon him to come and see your carnival. (Exit Juno).

MINERVA (to Venus):—We must away and preparation make for this display. Wilt join with me?

VENUS:—Most gladly will I, sister dear, and we will stand together, not apart, and show to all that we no malice bear, but rest us both content with Jove's decree. For what we want, is after all the same, to have our way and do what most doth please our minds; we did but differ how it should be done. So each will still continue in her thoughts as to the means of working out of ends, and should we need

it, our assistance give unto the other one. But we must go. (To Diana and Mercury.) We will return anon. But if the royal pair should sooner come, bid them be kind and patient, for we will not long abuse their patience more. (Exeunt Minerva and Venus).

DIANA (scornfully):—I thought as much. They argued for disputing's sake, and now since they have raised a row they're satisfied—pleased with themselves—each other and with us.

(Jove and Juno enter).

JUNO:—Where are our friends who prayed us here to come to see their presentation?

MERCURY:—They now prepare, but bid us say, if you will patient be they would ere long return, and effort make to entertain you for awhile.

JOVE:—So they together now prepare to do us honor; who'd ha' thought to see them stand at dagger's points but four brief hours ago, that they'd so soon forget about it all. 'Tis woman's way—more changeful than a fitful April day.

(Enter Minerva and Venus).

JOVE (laughing):—Most welcome now brave warriors from the lists! Right glad am I to see no anger lies. Well did I know that you would soon agree. But much I feared your anger'd fall on me.

JUNO:—Great King, you do them wrong; in all things they do bow unto your will as I do, and more true and deep submission I cannot describe.

JOVE:—Well, we've done with strife; 'tis now for pleasure we are gathered here. I wait your pleasure and do thank you much for such an invitation.

VENUS:—Sire, we have in haste and with great crudeness, I am much afraid, made for your pastime's gain a simple show, which now we give. (Specialties).

MERCURY:—Great King, a messenger now awaits without, and craves the honor of admittance here. From earth he comes, and humbly says that matters of great moment bring him to your feet.

JOVE (frightened):—What more! more woman's rights! I will not see him. Bid him quick be gone!

MERCURY:—But, Sire, it's not for that he comes. I do not know what his request may be, but he assured me 'twas one would be most pleasing to your highness' ear.

JOVE:—If that be true, we'll see him now; but first, if I were you and wished to

keep him safe, I sure would bid him to beware of broaching dangerous subjects here. (Mercury bows and retires).

DIANA:—Now, what means this? Some business great, it sure must be, doth bring him here, and make him bold to crave a special audience of the king.

JUNO:—We soon will see, for here he comes; ay, and a retinue doth follow him.

(Enter Mercury followed by Messenger, followed by bearers).

MERCURY:—Great King, a messenger from earth.

JOVE:—He is most welcome. Bid him speak.

(Mercury motions Messenger to proceed).

Messenger's speech:

MESSENGER:—Great Jove, and all ye goodly company, it is from earth I come and bring with me a message you will gladly hear.

There now, on earth, doth rage a strife 'twixt those of womankind, who hold that man should master be, and those who strive for equal place.

JOVE (aside):—As if I knew it not!

MESSENGER:—And long and bitter is this contest urged; but yet, there is one spot where naught is heard of such a senseless war; but all may come of woman-kind, and rest content and learn of all things that are worthy known; and high and low, from far and near, from towns and hills and valleys, e'en from where the mighty ocean rolls to where the cloud-capped peaks in rugged grandeur stand, they come to drink at Learning's fount, and then to go their way and be a light unto the footsteps of their sisters all. And much success hath crowned so good a work and great. Each year that rolls resistless on doth bring it larger blessing, more renown, so justly earned; and all mankind, and womankind as well, do point with pride unto the gentle hill whereon it stands, and thank the gods that to their daughters all the road to learning now is open wide.

But this great seat of knowledge and of truth did not upspring like mushrooms in the night; but needed care and guidance, long and tender watching from a master's hand to make it what it is. But Jove be praised, such hand was there to guide its infant steps along the way which hard, but straight, doth lead to sure success. A man of men, whom all revere and love, of gentle mien, but firm in all the right, and dear to every brain and heart which hath grown wiser, better, for his work.

And so, to honor him, and show their love and veneration deep, they late have

caused his likeness on the deathless canvas to be spread, that through the never ceasing ages yet to come, he may look down upon the noble work his hand begun, his heart so loved, his mind so much approved.

But first, well knowing that this work is loved on high, they sent me here to ask Jove's blessings might be now bestowed on what they've done. This is the man on whose beloved head we pray Jove's blessings may fore'er descend. (Unveil picture).

MINERVA:—Great Jove, if I may your indulgence ask, I have one word to say. Although I've battled stoutly for my rights, unto a man like unto this I gladly yield, and him proclaim as woman's truest friend.

JOVE:—Right Welcome is a messenger from earth who bears such welcome news. I know full well the good this man has done, his name is dear unto the gods on high, and with much joy I'll bless him and his work. (Rising and facing the picture with arms extended.) (To picture.) May all success be thine; be not dismayed and falter not in this thy task; and great will be thy name and gods and man will bless thee evermore.

THE FORGOTTEN MAN.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS, BY WALTER H. PAGE, EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The cordiality of your greeting touches me deeply. I have not, as some old-time wanderers did, carried with me wherever I have gone a pot of my native earth; but I have carried with me always what the pot of earth would stand for; and I feel at home. But that you should thus welcome me home is more gratifying than I can tell you—the more gratifying because you are kind enough to link me with the great cause for which your institution stands. With the gratitude of a remembered wanderer, I thank you.

We have often reminded ourselves and informed other people that we have incalculable undeveloped resources in North Carolina, our streams, our forests, our mines, our quarries, our soil—that Nature has done for us her handiwork with her most gracious bounty; so that our undeveloped resources invite men under the pleasantest conditions to productive industry. And so they do.

But there is one undeveloped resource more valuable than all these, and that is the people themselves. It is about the development of men that I shall speak, more particularly about the development of the forgotten and neglected men.

In making an estimate of a civilization it is the neglected and forgotten man more than any other that must be taken into account. When you build a house, you make the foundation the strongest part of it, and the house, however ornate its architecture, can be no stronger than the foundation. In considering the level of the life of any community, you must not give undue value to any class of men. A community is not rich because it contains a few rich men, it is not healthful because it contains a few strong men, its not intelligent because it contains a few men of learning, nor is it of good morals because it contains good women—if the rest of the population also be not well-to-do, or healthful, or intelligent or of good morals. The class that we sometimes call the common people is the class most to be considered in the structure of civilization. Moreover in proportion as any community in the organization of its society or in the development of its institutions lays emphasis on its few rich men, or its few cultivated men, it is likely to forget and to neglect the foundations of its health. It is not these small classes that really make

the community what it is, that determine the condition of its health, the soundness of its social structure, its economic value and its level of life. The security and soundness of the whole body are measured at last by the condition of its weakest part.

So much, if you please, to get the proper point of view. If you have been in the habit, in your social studies, consciously, of dividing men into classes and of considering some more important in possibilities to the common weal than others, your studies are not in keeping with the dominant democracy of our country, and of our race. In any scheme of man-culture one man must be regarded of as great importance as another. The doctrine of equality of opportunity is at the bottom of social progress, for you can never judge a man's capacity except as he has opportunity to develop it. When we make a social study, we must break through, to use Burke's fine phrase, "rank and title and all the solemn plausibilities of the world," and come face to face with all the men who make up the social body, seeing them as they are, and not through the medium of our traditions nor by their estimates of themselves.

From this point of view let me make a very rapid and general survey of the culture of men in North Carolina—of the social structure and the social forces that have shapen our civilization.

In the days of our fathers to a slight extent the social structure was aristocratic, but it was much less aristocratic than the social structure was, for example, in Virginia or in South Carolina. The mass of the people were common people; they lived directly out of the soil and they had the manners and the virtues and the limitation of a simple agricultural population, which was much the same two generations ago in all the countries where a livelihood was easily obtained. They were nearly all of English and Scotch, and Scotch-Irish stock. Most of them were sprung from peasants of sturdy qualities; a very few from gentlemen; and some were descended from forced and hired immigrants. Taken all together they were a common people, capable of as sound development as the population of any other State. But they were ignorant, as the common people in most lands were a hundred years ago.

The dominant idea of education was that it was a luxury for the rich, or a privilege of the well-born—if a necessity at all, a necessity only for the ruling class. This class feeling in education was perceptible even within my recollection. When I was a pupil at the most famous school for boys in the State, a lad whose father had not had a military or a political career, was at a certain disadvantage. I recall a scene more ludicrous than any in Dickens when a thirteen-year-old companion of mine

came to my room one day, shut the door and fell on the bed and wept—wept because his father was not a Colonel. I tried to comfort him by telling him that my father was not a Colonel either. So far from consoling him this information only gave him the less respect for me. I had not seen this weeping lad for more than twenty-five years, when I met him on the train two years ago. He was telling me of his children and I asked if he had ever reflected that his own children's father was not a Colonel. He recalled the incident as clearly as I recalled it. Learning might be acquired but there could be no true education in an atmosphere where such an incident could happen.

These things I mention not in blame of our ancestors. If we could have chosen them I doubt if we could have chosen more capable ancestors. It is out of just such stock that the men came who to-day rule the world. But I mention these things because we ourselves have written and spoken much nonsense about ourselves and about our ancestors and have made ourselves believe that we were in some way different from other sturdy folk and that we were in some way better than other common people. Thus we came to put a false value on our social structure, and we have never looked ourselves in the face and seen ourselves as others see us. This false view has done incalculable hurt. All social progress must begin with a clear understanding of men as they are. We are all common folk, then, who were once dominated by a little aristocracy, which, in its social and economic character, made a failure and left a stubborn crop of wrong social notions behind it—very wrong notions—especially about education.

There lingers one very striking relic of the aristocratic structure of opinion in North Carolina—a certain timidity on the part of our leaders in dealing directly and frankly with the public—a timidity on the part of the leaders, which we have falsely called conservatism on the part of the people—a hesitation to trust the people's judgment. It cropped out humorously on this platform yesterday. Mr. Scarborough declared that our people were conservative—very conservative. You must consider what they are ready for and what they are not ready for, for they are very conservative. A half hour later, while narrating the career of Dorothea Dix, Mr. Carr showed how one woman of enthusiasm came here from Massachusetts and induced the State to spend for a single institution, and at one time, a larger sum than the whole annual resources of the State government; and no man has from that day to this made objection to the expenditure. Our whole history is full of such incidents. Almost every noteworthy thing that we have done has been done in obedience to

an impulse. Conservative? We are the most impulsive people imaginable. But if "conservatism" so overcome any one who hear me in the very conservative things that I have to say, it must of course be understood that I speak only for myself. I speak out of my own ignorance only—and I speak, I regret to say, only as a spectator.

In the old days when education was dominated by the aristocratic idea, the chief influences that shaped opinion were the stump and pulpit. From the stump two cardinal articles of faith were proclaimed. One was that a man must have liberty. Much was made of what was called personal liberty, and I think rightly. If any man sought an unfair advantage of another one, the injured man was quick to assert his rights before the law, if, indeed, he did not assert it with his fists. This sturdy notion of liberty has been a great quality from the time of the Mecklenburg Declaration till to-day. If our fathers emphasized it too much let us forgive them, for we shall see presently that we also have need of some fighting qualities. Another article of faith proclaimed from the stump was that taxes were too high. From the days of King George to this day, the politicians of North Carolina have declaimed against taxes, thus laying the foundation of our poverty. It was a misfortune for us that the quarrel with the Colonial King happened to turn on a question of taxation—so great was the dread of taxation that was instilled into us.

The other great educational force was the pulpit. Parts of the people were strongly inclined to an emotional kind of religion, and our historians tell us of great camp meetings and revivals that swept over whole counties, continued for weeks, and threw many people into trances. More men lost their reasons from religious troubles than from any other cause, except the lonely overwork of woman. The latest book written and published in the State that I have happened to see, is the autobiography of a notable religious maniac whom I knew in my boyhood. The more primitive and violent forms of religion took a deep hold on the people (as is usually the case), without affecting their conduct at all.

Not only was the preacher a mighty man in our life, but there was in the old days a type of preacher who was an heroic man—the man who had all the qualities of the pioneer. He was ready alike any day to face the hardships of the wilderness or to stand in the presence of the Almighty. I doubt if we have ever produced any men as great as our pioneer preachers. They were cast into so large a mould, they dealt so directly with the fundamental emotions of men and with some of the great facts of the spiritual life, that they almost ranged themselves with the giants. I had

rather have known one of these men than all the political and military heroes that we have since bred.

The politician has been the greater popular hero, but the preacher has had much the greater influence. For a century he was by far our greatest man—the man of the largest original power and of the strongest character. He inherited the heroic qualities of the pioneers, and he led a life at once serene and active. He too, was a primary sort of character—genuine and fearless. If our traditions over-rate the political characters that we have produced, they as greatly under-rate the preachers.

† Now let us see what these two powers that ruled our fathers did for the education of the masses. The first conception of education was the aristocratic conception, and the first system was controlled by those who held by political power; it was the old system of class education. It did not touch the masses of the people. They had no part in it. They grew up with the idea that education was a special privilege: they did not aspire to it, did not believe that it was attainable, and at last they came to believe that it was not desirable, certainly that it was not necessary. They remained illiterate, neglected, forgotten. There was no substantial progress in broadening educational opportunities in North Carolina from the time of the colony till the beginning of the civil war, except the noteworthy and noble work that was done just before the war to develop a public school system. This notable and noteworthy effort gives us good reason to hold those who made it—chief among whom was Calvin H. Wiley—in grateful remembrance.

^ I commend to you most earnestly as of the first importance a thorough study of our social beginnings and development—not always as it has been described by our historians, but from original sources. You will clear your minds of the hazy exaggerations that we get from tradition. Many traditional heroes will disappear, and many whose names have been forgotten, or are seldom heard, will re-appear as real heroes. Among these will be the group of men who strove forty years ago or more to establish a public school system. But their scheme, like Jefferson's own great scheme, was doomed to wait a later time for its development.

Later than the aristocratic system of education and over-lapping it, came the ecclesiastical system. In establishing and developing this, the preachers did valiant service. They were colporteurs and carried religious books to the people. The churches established, besides preparatory schools for boys and girls, three schools for men which grew into colleges. At first they were established for the education

of preachers, but they fast broadened their field of labor and became schools of general culture, and most admirable service they have done. The denominational educational movement was broader in its benefits than the old aristocratic educational movement had been, for these colleges were open to the common people and they proclaimed the desirability of general education. Still they were class institutions; each was the school of a sect. Universal education, universal free education, was not on their programme. The forgotten and neglected man was now—in many cases—remembered by his church, especially if he were of an emotional temperament and felt called to preach. The way towards general education was broadening, but the very conception of education was yet a class conception. It was provided less for its own-sake than for the sake of the church.

The forgotten man remained forgotten. The aristocratic scheme of education had passed him by. To a less extent, but still to the extent of hundreds of thousands, the ecclesiastical scheme also passed him by. The general level of education was almost as low as it had ever been. Both the aristocratic and the ecclesiastical plans held undisputed sway till a time within the memory of us all. But in the meantime education had been making more rapid conquests—developing in method and extending its benefits, in other states and in other lands—than in any preceding time in the history of the world.

Tried by the tests of this progress, what have the aristocratic system and the ecclesiastical system of education to show for themselves?

First, what did they do for their own favored classes, and what did they do for education? North Carolina is one of the old thirteen States. The aristocratic system had free play here for nearly a hundred years, and the ecclesiastical system has had free play for at least two generations. They established our university and our denominational colleges. Excellent as these are, they do not rank with the best institutions of most of the other original thirteen States—of Virginia, nor of New Jersey, nor of New York, nor of Connecticut, nor of Massachusetts. Nor have they trained even a select body of scholars that have been or are in any way famous. Make another test; there are no great libraries in the State, nor do the people yet read, nor have the publishing houses ever yet reckoned them as their patrons, except the publishers of school books. By any test that may be made, both these systems of education failed even with the classes that they appealed to. One such test is the test of emigration from the State. In 1890 there were living in other States 293,000 persons who were born in North Carolina. One in eight of every native of

the State then living had gone away. When we remember that almost every one of those emigrants went to States where taxes were higher and schools were more numerous and better and where competition is more fierce, and when we remember that they went away from a State that is yet sparsely settled and richer in natural opportunities than the State to which most of them went, the failure of these systems becomes tragically obvious.

If a slave brought \$1,000 in old times, it ought to be safe to assume that every emigrant from the State has an economic value of \$1,000. This emigration therefore had up to 1890 cost us \$293,000,000—a fact that goes far to explain why we are poor. To take the places of these 293,000 emigrants after twenty years of advertising and organized effort to induce immigration, 52,000 immigrants born in other States had come here, a large proportion of whom of course, had come for their health. But counting the sick and dying at \$1,000 each, we had still lost \$241,000,000 by the transaction. This calculation gives a slight hint of the cost of ignorance, and of the extravagance of keeping taxes too low.

Next, what did these systems of education do for the masses? In 1890, twenty-six per cent. of the white persons of the State were unable even to read and write. One in every four was wholly forgotten. But illiteracy was not the worst of it; the worst of it was that the stationary social condition indicated by generations of illiteracy had long been the general condition. The forgotten man was content to be forgotten. He became not only a dead weight, but a definite opponent of social progress. He faithfully heard the politicians on the stump praise him for virtues that he did not always have. The politicians told him that he lived in the best State in the Union, told him that the other politician had some hair-brained plan to increase his taxes, told him as a consolation for his ignorance how many of his kinsmen had been killed in the war, told him to distrust anybody who wished to change anything. What was good enough for his fathers was good enough for him. Thus the forgotten man became a dupe, became thankful for being neglected. And the preacher told him that the ills and misfortunes of this life were blessings in disguise, that God meant his poverty as a means of grace, and that if he accepted the right creed all would be well with him.

These influences encouraged inertia. There could not have been a better means to prevent the development of the people.

I have thus far spoken only of the forgotten man. I have done so to show the social and educational structure in proper perspective. But what I have come to

speak about is the forgotten woman. Both the aristocratic and ecclesiastical system made provision for the women of special classes—the fortunately born and the religious well-to-do. But all the other women were forgotten. Let any man whose soul is not hardened by some worn out theory of politics or of ecclesiasticism go to the country in almost any part of the State and make a study of life there—especially of the life of the women. He will see women thin and wrinkled in youth from ill prepared food, clad without warmth or grace, living in untidy houses, working from daylight till bed time at the dull round of weary duties, the slaves of men of equal slovenliness, the mothers of joyless children—all uneducated if not illiterate. Yet even their condition were endurable if there were any hope, but this type of woman is encrusted in a shell of a dull content with her lot; she knows no better and can never learn better—never point her children to a higher life. If she be intensely religious, her religion is only an additional misfortune, for it teaches her, as she understands it, to be content with her lot and all its burdens, for they only prepare her for the life to come. Some men who are born under these conditions escape from them; a man may go away, go where life offers opportunities, but the women are forever helpless.

And this sight every one of you has seen, not in the countries whither we send missionaries, but in the borders of the State of North Carolina, in this year of grace. Nor is it an infrequent sight. There are thousands and thousands of such women in our population.

Now one of the two things is true—either these forgotten men and women are incapable of development, belong to a lower order of intelligence than any other people of the Anglo-Saxon stock; or our civilization, so far as they are concerned, has been a lamentable failure. Of course there is no doubt which of these suppositions is true; for even these people are capable of development, capable of unlimited growth and elevation. But if they be capable of development, then both the aristocratic and ecclesiastical systems of society have failed to develop them.

Since both the politician and preacher have failed to lift up this life after a century of unobstructed opportunities, it is time for a wiser statesmanship and a more certain means of grace. And surely of all people the preacher and politician ought, in common modesty, to be the last to oppose a new system of education for the development of the undeveloped masses.

But now the story brightens.

These old educational systems having failed here, as they have failed in other

states, the public spirited, far-sighted and energetic young men, chief among them being your own President and the President of the University, who came into activity ten years or more ago, began seriously to develop a public school system—first of course in the towns. They developed by their own earnestness the work that had been in part planned by men like Major Finger. One town followed another, levying a local tax to supplement the State tax. I doubt if such an educational revival was ever known in any state, certainly nothing like it was ever known before in North Carolina. I am sure that you who have lived here continuously for the last ten years do not know how great the quickening of civilization has been. The level of life has been moved further upward in these ten years than it was moved in any preceding fifty years. I never come here but I am astonished at the changes I hear of. The civilization that you have today is more different from the civilization of my own boyhood, than that civilization was different from the civilization of fifty years before.

In ploughing up the old fields of life, you have, it is true, turned up much malaria. But—well, never mind that now.

In my judgment there has been no other event in North Carolina since the formation of the American Union, that is comparable in importance to this new educational progress. The movement now has such momentum, that nothing can hinder the complete development of the public school system till every child is reached. When every inhabited township votes a local tax to supplement the State tax, the taxes you now levy will seem small and will be increased. According to the last published reports of the Commissioner of Education, the total sum spent per year per pupil in the public schools was still lower in North Carolina than in any State except South Carolina. It was only \$3.40. In Georgia it was nearly \$6.50, in Virginia it was nearly \$9, in Indiana it was \$20, in Michigan nearly \$20, in Wisconsin \$21, in Minnesota nearly \$30, in the new State of North Dakota it was nearly \$33.50—nearly ten times the expenditure per pupil that was made in North Carolina. None of these States is richer than our own in possibilities. The ability to maintain schools is in proportion rather to the appreciation of education than to the amount of wealth. We pay for schools not so much out of our purses as out of our state of mind. For example, there is a man in Moore County who had two children at school at the expense of somebody else. Although he did not pay their bills, he took them from school the other day because, he said, the charge for tuition was too high. He is the frankest and most faithful disciple of our old-time economic creed that I have ever known.

As the movement to establish public schools everywhere gathers force, men of wealth will find that they can do no public service with their money, so sure to bring lasting results as to build school houses, as they are already beginning to do. The history of philanthropy shows that no public benefaction brings the same sure and permanent results as provision for the free education of the masses.

The battle is practically won when the whole State stands secure on this platform. *That a public school system generously supported by public sentiment, and generously maintained by both State and local taxation, is the only effective means to develop the forgotten man, and even more surely the only means to develop the forgotten woman.* Even ten years ago, many men in North Carolina did not stand on this platform. Now I hear that few oppose such a programme, and those few you will soon educate, for sheer pity.

Standing in this institution to-day, it seems incredible that I myself can recall the opposition both of political leaders and of ecclesiastical leaders to free public schools. Nothing else ever made me so nearly hopeless. Thank heaven, that opposition is passed. Or if it be not wholly passed, and if any dupe of an old political fallacy say that we are too poor to increase our taxes for education, remember that the average amount paid now by every taxpayer is only \$2.13; the average amount paid by each taxpayer in the poor State of Maine is \$9.23, in Virginia \$4.72, in Florida \$5.93; in Iowa it is \$15.

Too poor to maintain schools? The man who says it is the perpetuator of poverty. It is the doctrine that has kept us poor. It smells of the alms-house and the hovel. It has driven more men and more wealth from the State and kept more away than any other political doctrine ever cost us—more even than the doctrine of secession. Such a man is the victim of an ancient and harmful falsehood.

If any beggar for a church school oppose a local tax for schools or a higher school tax, take him to the huts of the forgotten women and children, and in their hopeless presence remind him that the church system of education has not touched tens of thousands of these lives, and ask him there whether he think it wrong that the commonwealth should educate them. If he think it wrong, ask him and ask the people plainly, whether he be a worthy preacher of the gospel that declares one man equal to another in the sight of God? Is not one man equal to another also in the sight of the commonwealth? In all reasonableness, it is impossible to understand how any man can regard it as a Christian act to stand in the way of the State's elevating the neglected masses. Can any church afford to put itself in such a posi-

tion? or, if it do, has it any right to complain if good men declare it an unchristian attitude. Even if you could respect the religion of the man who objects to the elevation of the forgotten masses by public education, it is hard to respect his common sense; for does his church not profit by the greater enlightenment and prosperity that every educated community enjoys? The truth is he does not see a condition, but he is a victim of a theory—a theory as inhuman as the theory that maintained the inquisition. His doctrine, too, smells of poverty—poverty in living, poverty in thinking, poverty in spiritual life.

The most sacred thing in the commonwealth and to the commonwealth is the child, whether it be your child or the child of the dull-faced mother of the hovel. The child of the dull-faced mother may, for all you know, be the most capable child in the State. At its worst, it is capable of good citizenship and a useful life, if its intelligence be quickened and trained. Several of the strongest personalities that were ever born in North Carolina were men whose very fathers were unknown. We have all known two such, who held high places in church and state. President Eliot said a little while ago that the ablest man that he ever had known in his forty years' connection with the Harvard University was the son of a brick mason. The child, whether it have poor parents or rich parents, is the most valuable undeveloped resource of the State.

But the day is past when worn-out theories hold us in captivity, and we owe its passing chiefly to the idea that this institution stands for. Our whole life will soon be delivered from the bondage of ignorance by our hitherto forgotten women. This deliverance reminds me of the story told in one of Montaigne's essays of the saving of a captured city:

"The Emperor, Conradus, third of that name, having besieged Guelphe, Duke of Bavaria, what vile or base satisfaction soever was offered him, would yield to no other milder conditions, but only to suffer such gentle women as were with the Duke in the city (their honours safe) to issue out the town alofte, with such things as they could carry about them. They, with unrelenting courage, advised and resolved themselves (neglecting all their riches or jewels) to carry their husbands, their children and the Duke himselfe, on their backs. The Emperor, perceiving the quaintnesse of their device, tooke so great pleasure in it that he wept for joy, and forthwith converted that the former inexorable rage, and mortall hatred he bare the Duke, into so milde a relenting and gentle kindnesse, that thence he entreated both him and his, with all favor and courtesy."

You that know me will bear witness that I have not spoken of our fathers, nor of our political leaders, least of all of our religious leaders, in a spirit of ungrateful criticism. I have meant with all proper respect for them and for their good qualities and good works only to show that their systems have proved failures for our needs. Doubtless under the conditions of their lives, they did the best they could do. But the conditions of our lives are different; and our duty is to accept our own conditions without illusions, to face our own problems like men, and when necessary with all respect for the past to lift dead men's hands from our life.

May I go forward a step further in the development of public education that must in due time follow this delivery from the bondage of the old systems? The extension of free preparatory schools in every part of the State is leading to the establishment of free high schools, such as already exist in some larger towns, as in Greensboro and in Durham, and in other larger towns. These will draw to themselves the intellectual interests of the whole community, and make the public school system the chief pride of our people. I know towns where every enlightening interest centers in the high school. Lectures are given there on literature and music and on practical subjects as well, by the most learned men and women. Parents pursue courses of study with their children. The whole life of such towns is lifted to a high intellectual level. In some such towns private schools exist only to train those boys or girls who are too dull or backward to keep pace with the rest—a sort of an asylum for the stupid. My own sons are today preparing to enter Harvard University at the Cambridge Latin school, where the sons and daughters of the professors at Harvard are in the same classes, or may be, with the sons and daughters of draymen and hack-drivers. All have the same privileges and the same opportunities; and no pupil can buy even a book or a pencil; the city supplies them all. Every man pays for it in his taxes; and every man profits by it in the increased value of his property, in the higher wages he receives as a higher and higher degree of skill in all work is developed, and a higher and higher level of trained life is reached. On their way home from school these pupils may stop at a magnificent public library and take from it any book they please free of charge, or spend the day in the large reading rooms, investigating any subject they may be interested in. So may any man or woman or child in the whole city, free of charge. The library building was the gift of a wealthy citizen. The books are paid for by my taxes and the taxes of other men there. Every town in Massachusetts, but about a dozen small and remote towns has such a free library—the direct growth of a public school

system. The States of New York and Michigan send traveling libraries of new books—collections of good literature—to any town that asks for them, and has a public library of its own. After these hundred or two volumes have remained in one town the allotted time, they are sent on to another, and so on indefinitely—all at the State's expense.

When I have seen these things and profited by them, and when I know that men are every day going away from this old land that they love to get such advantages for themselves and for their children, can I listen to the mendicant whine of any ignorant political or ecclesiastical leader who says that my children had better not be educated at all if they cannot be bred with his narrow outlook on life?

Now look a little further yet along the line of development of the public school system. Following the high school may come (and I think ought to come), a still higher extension of State education—the wholly free University and Industrial Schools. When the University was established, the old political idea of education prevailed, and a restricted number of boys from each county was admitted free—and these only. This system discriminates in favor of a restricted number of youths and against all the rest. It is still only a partially free system. There is always a danger that the boys who pay, if it be known who they are, will regard those who do not pay as charity students. If all alike were free—as all in my judgment ought to be—no such danger could arise.

The old aristocratic system had a leaning towards charity as the ecclesiastical system has; and the view of education as a charity has always been one of the great weaknesses of both systems. Education pays the State. The more persons are educated the better it pays the State. But to dole it out to any restricted number is to regard it as charity and to turn the State into an alms-giver. Most of the Eastern States, where the aristocratic idea was strongest have stopped short of free universities; but many of the Western States have been wiser.

In the State of Michigan, for instance, a child of either sex may begin its education at a public school, and pursue it through the State University without charge; and this University has become one of the strongholds of learning in the Union, and one of our great schools. A similar system has been adopted in Kansas, in Texas, and in other States. Any child in any one of those great commonwealths may have free training from infancy to maturity—free training in one of the most efficient systems of education ever devised by man. And this system has been constructed and developed almost within the life time of the youngest of us.

The opportunity exists in North Carolina to establish a similar system by a

single effort and without any considerable increase of expenditure. We have our State University; most useful and vigorous under its recent President, and its present one, we have our three larger and older denominational colleges. Davidson College with its solidity and old-time dignity, Wake Forest College, a striking demonstration of what people of moderate means may at any time do when they work with united purpose, and Trinity College with its new life made possible by its generous benefactors. We have all these and the other State schools and denominational schools for boys and for girls. If they could all be united into one great school, it would at once become by far the most efficient and noteworthy institution in the South. And there is no reason why it should not become one of the great seats of learning in the Union. If the doors of such an institution were thrown open free to every boy and girl in the State, and there were free schools to train them for it, we should no longer talk of forgotten men and women; and people from other States—hundreds and thousands of them—would seek homes here. These counties would by such means be peopled at last by as useful and at last as cultivated a population as any in the United States.

Nor need the religious influence of any of the denominational colleges suffer by such a move when the time for it comes. Every one might have its own dormitory and religious supervision over pupils of its own sect. A definite movement of this sort has already been made where the denominational schools have shown a wish to become a part of the system of public education.

About so called co-education—that is, the admission of women to colleges in the companionship of men—the experience of those institutions that have tried it seems to me to have demonstrated the soundness of the idea. Some of the men and women of the highest type that I have known were educated under this social and educational system. A few years ago, I asked several hundred women who had been trained at co-educational colleges and who now have children of their own whether they wish to educate their children in this way—especially their daughters. Every one answered with emphasis, Yes, our daughters, especially our sons, but our daughters also.

It is a cheerful fact to recall that Guilford College—in this county—has under all our systems been a co-educational school; and the profound thanks of the whole State are due to Mr. Washington Duke for making it possible and for making it necessary that Trinity College shall open its doors wider to women—as wide to women as to men.

I believe that no other influence would be so wholesome on our social life as the education of young men and young women together in all our colleges, especially at the University. Our youth would suffer less from the traditional silly-sick attitude toward women. There would be a franker and a more wholesome relation between the sexes.

But I have wandered too far from the problems of the present. Such things as I have spoken of, we may look for in the future. What may we not now look for in the future? Whatever I might say in prophecy would be inadequate as all that I might say in congratulation. Great changes come as silently as the seasons. I am no more sure of this spring time than I am of the rejuvenation of our society and our life. A revolution is in progress, and this institution is one of the first and best fruits of it. I declare in truth and soberness, that this is the most inspiring sight that I have ever seen in North Carolina, for before the moral earnestness of well-trained women social illusions vanish and worn-out traditions fall away.

O, earnest young womanhood of the commonwealth. We that had forgotten you thankfully do you honor. Many a man with a patriotic spirit that is our inheritance has striven to lift dead men's hands from our too long neglected and stagnant life and has been baffled by a century's inertia. I speak the gladdest speech of my life when I say that you have done it. This institution and your presence is proof that the State has remembered the forgotten woman. You in turn will remember the forgotten child; and in this remembrance is laid the foundation of a new social order. The neglected people will rise and with them will rise all the people. Open wide to them the doors of opportunity.

ADDRESS OF HON. J. L. M. CURRY.

The following is an outline of Dr. Curry's address on the subject: "What Individual Americans Have Done for Education."

These individual benefactors have attracted the attention of numbers of the most distinguished foreigners. The greatest of these is George Peabody. The official seal of the Peabody education fund bears for a legend the memorable sentiment of its founder, sent to a banquet at his birthplace, accompanying his earliest large benefaction: "Education—a debt due from present to future generations."

None of the selfish cynicism of the misanthrope who would do nothing for posterity because posterity had done nothing for him.

It is impossible to overestimate the utility or value of his gift. It came to the South when the country was in a state of stagnation, deplorable poverty and bankruptcy. All corporations were suspended, banks were closed, securities were depreciated or valueless, and railroads were dismantled; business was paralyzed, homes were desolated or burned, lives had been surrendered, wives were widowed, children were orphaned. Afterwards came the horrors of reconstruction, when officers, civil and military, were vested with proconsular powers, and men, incompetent and of bad character, perpetrated flagrant wrongs, arrogating legislative, judicial and ecclesiastical functions. The South was depressed and despairing under this impoverishment and bankruptcy. Bonds in North Carolina were run up to \$42,000,000. In this hour of gloom and despondency, when the South lay prostrate, lame and bleeding and suffering, a Northern man, a Massachusetts man, came to her relief—did not pass by on the other side, but seeing, had compassion, devised and acted, and relieved. Out of this fund have grown the public school systems of the South. These systems were incomplete without trained teachers. Every normal school is a monument to Mr. Peabody's memory, and the ultimate object is to make every normal school pupil an educator.

In North Carolina there are over seven thousand public schools, with an enrollment of 370,000, and of this enrollment 180,000 do not attend. The revenues from taxation are \$659,856. No interest can be more important than the proper support and improvement of the public school system. There has been a criminal waste of money from imperfect supervision, and a waste of time and money in bad teaching. We need more money, more judiciously applied; more competent supervision.

The greatest achievement of modern times is democracy—the right of the individual as against the “divine right” of the elect few. It is the old struggle of the masses against the classes. This democracy involves right of judgment, freedom of religion, equality of rights and privileges, open competition for the prizes of life, universality of education. This education includes woman; for, as Sydney Smith, the witty canon, said: “Nature has been as bountiful of understanding to one sex as to the other.” In public estimation it has been too common to limit the education of woman to writing, arithmetic, and, in some instances, to music and dancing. We talk of female education and female colleges. Neither college nor education

admits distinction in sex. Democracy, or moral and civil liberty, includes, of necessary consequence, the abolition of every arbitrary restraint upon the freedom of woman. Higher schools for women should be progressively higher still. No educational opportunities afforded husbands, brothers, fathers, should be denied to sisters, wives and mothers. The broad requirements necessary to the mental training of a boy are no less essential for the mental training of womanhood. Society depends more upon the culture and influence of gracious womanhood than on any power of man. While this college trains primarily teachers, its high aim is to educate womanhood—womanhood for the schoolroom, the social circle, the church, the home; that is, true and refined woman, whatever else she may be, whether teacher, journalist, doctor, wife or mother.

Correlated with and in consequence of this democracy is local government. Ours is a complex system of Federal and State governments and the State governments are as important as the Federal. The relation of husband and wife, parent and child, guardian and ward, employer and employee, teacher and pupil, are protected and sustained by the State governments. They establish the public school, they provide for universal education. The general government has done nothing for North Carolina in the way of schools, except in connection with the Agricultural and Mechanical colleges.

It is the duty of the State to educate, and this results from the obligation of self-preservation. In America these local governments descend still lower into counties and municipalities, and even neighborhoods, giving us the benefit of home rule. The revenues for school purposes in the United States are derived largely from local taxation. From State taxes there are \$33,000,000, and from local taxes \$120,000,000. The State co-operation with local authorities is necessary in order to equalize, make uniform, and secure responsibility and supervision. In North Carolina the local taxes in 1893-'94 were \$13,323, the State school revenues \$646,543. The Archbishop of Canterbury recently said, "The duty of providing and maintaining a system of elementary education is essentially a local duty. The central government may aid in the discharge of this duty, but should not undertake it alone. There is no security for efficiency without local supervision; there is no security for economy without the vigilance of those who bear a substantial share of the burden of the cost."

In the last presidential election we had what was called a campaign of education. It is far better to have in North Carolina a campaign for education. This



HON. J. L. M. CURRY,
GENERAL AGENT OF THE PEABODY FUND.

is essential to material improvement, to higher civilization. The per capita valuation of property in North Carolina is \$360, the lowest in all of the States except Mississippi and South Carolina. The per capita value of property is always determinable by the state of education. Where education is general, wealth abounds; where education is limited, poverty is the necessary consequence.

In a Union of forty-nine States and Territories, North Carolina is seventh in percentage of illiteracy of the whole population; second in percentage of illiteracy of native white population; forty-ninth in length of school term; forty-eighth in amount expended per pupil each year; forty-seventh in amount expended per capita each year; forty eight in amount of school tax raised for every adult male citizen; the lowest in salary paid to teachers, and forty-third in ratio in school tax to wealth.

North Carolina has been prolific of great orators, jurists and statesmen, and is noted for jealousy of liberty. Her ground is historic—memorable events consecrate and hallow her soil. The precursor of the drama of Yorktown occurred here in this neighborhood. Judge Schenck deserves the gratitude of every North Carolinian for rescuing from oblivion and misrepresentation what was accomplished by the soldiers of North Carolina.

THE PHILANTHROPY OF DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX.

ADDRESS BY COL. JULIAN S. CARR ON THE OCCASION OF THE UNVEILING OF A PORTRAIT OF MISS DIX, PRESENTED BY MRS. W. G. RANDALL.

The world has been slow to learn the great Christian doctrine of the *Brotherhood* of man, else the noble principle of philanthropy would not have been so hidden for ages from the many and confined to the few. Now and then in the centuries there have appeared a few men to illustrate the love of man by self-sacrifice, by consecration of means by even giving life for the benefit of suffering humanity. Some lofty souls have risen like a mountain peak above the plain, and have, by a marvelous devotion of self to the good of their fellow men, secured the blessings of heaven and the recognition of their countrymen. These devoted servants of man have been found in all nations since Christianity shed its benignant influences upon the world. They have been found in all ranks and conditions of life, and in the several callings to which men give their time and energies. The good Samaritan has been seen performing his blessed work of benevolence and sympathy and mercy all down the teeming centuries.

This Nineteenth Century has been marked above all the centuries by the progress of philanthropic *works*, and the multiiform and multiplied expression of genuine philanthropy of the *soul*. It would require a volume instead of a few minutes' address to express in rapid outline even the manifold and splendid manifestations in the last half a century of this benignant and beneficent principle of exalted human nature—the *love of man* for his fellowman.

"New occasions teach us new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth."

The occasion that places me before you as the speaker at this hour has suggested the train of thought in which I have indulged.

We are here to commemorate the life of one of the most noble, the most devoted, the most earnest, the most engaging of the world's philanthropists—DOROTHEA LYNDE DIX. The mention of her name in North Carolina, before a North Carolina audience, is enough to arouse admiration, sympathy and gratitude. She was beyond all fair question a woman of many virtues, excellencies and noble qualities, and by her long and untiring devotion to that one great cause that shaped her life, drew so heavily upon her mental, emotional and physical resources, she deserves to have a high pedestal in the Pantheon of the world's benefactors and philanthropists.

Her life is one of the most remarkable of American women, and, take her all in all, she deserves to rank at least with the few foremost women whose deeds reflect unfading honor and glory upon her sex and country. There are those who hold her, as her biographer, Francis Tiffany, does, to be "the most useful and distinguished woman America has yet produced." She is certainly one of the most memorable.

Her birthplace and birth-day are uncertain. Authorities give different places and dates. The probability is she was born at Worcester, Mass., in 1794. Two leading authorities give this date and place. Two authorities give 1802. Her early experience was sad, for like John Stuart Mill, she can scarcely be said to have had any childhood, surely a great deprivation and calamity. Her father was a merchant, and, we suppose, left her little, if any, means. At any rate, she had very early responsibilities, and had to rear and educate two younger brothers as well as struggle for an education for herself. Her early life must have met with most serious trials, for ever after this sympathetic, noble woman held sealed lips as to that evidently distressing period, and all of its bitterness and sorrows were kept shut in the secrecy

of her own soul, even down to the end of her advanced years. There is a dark shadow, evidently of sadness, hanging over her girlhood. Home became so dark and oppressive to her young soul that in despair she took refuge with her grandmother, then living in Boston. She had pride, ambition, high spirits, and yet she met with many humiliations, trials, sorrows, disappointments all along this bleak term of years, hardly ending with womanhood. Possibly it may be admissible to draw aside the veil that shadows the darkest hours of the life of this most admirable and sympathetic woman, who was a benison to the world. From one who knew Miss Dix most intimately and from her received many testimonials of her favor and esteem, we get the hidden story of love that went out in darkness, bringing a great sorrow to one of the noblest of earth. It shaped her life to a great degree, and made her a heroine unlike any the world had, or the genius of sorrow and romance had ever pictured. She was betrothed to an accomplished gentleman, who was stricken with mental disease and sent to an insane asylum. That was the turning point in her destiny—that was the epochal hour in her shadowed life. Henceforth she would live for afflicted humanity, and be the evangel of mercy to the smitten and darkened. She entered upon her life-work feeling, doubtless, as a poet has said of the many toilers in the vineyard of the Lord:

"How beautiful for a man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! to be called
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel
To put his armor off and rest in heaven."

She had, happily, a bold, brave heart, a robust will and hardy self-reliance, superior mental capacity, and a willingness to serve. She began life's most earnest battle, first by opening in Boston a model school for girls. It was about this time that she began to look into the neglected condition of the convicts in the Massachusetts State Prison. She began to visit them, became deeply interested in their welfare, and sought to alleviate their sufferings and misfortunes. She probably continued these gracious efforts for some years, as it was in 1834 that they were discontinued, her health being very much impaired. She had been the governess of the celebrated Dr. William Ellery Channing's children. In 1834 she left Boston and visited England, when she met true friends, to whom she became greatly attached. After spending eighteen months most delightfully and refreshingly to her wearied body and mind, she returned in improved health and buoyancy. She had received a legacy from a relative that had made her independent of toil. Her life had been

such a strain that at thirty-three or four years of age, as it may have been, according to date of birth, it was sadly marred. But God had a noble philanthropic work for her to do, and He spared her life and restored her to health. She was quite ill in England, but her new friends there were so kind, so sympathetic, so genial and loving, that they nursed her back to health. When she returned to her native land she found an unpleasant change in the frigid unsympathetic society, and in the bleakness and austerity of their New England life and scenery. She began then in earnest her life work of devotion and sympathy and service. She had been in a stern school of experience. She had walked the burning marl of sorrow and suffering, and it was "the rude grasp of that great impulse" of love and sympathy "which drove" her into the wide, wasteful fields of duty. She girded herself for sacrifice and toil. She had been severely taught and knew as Cicero, the great Roman orator and essayist, had said long ago, that "men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures." Emanuel Kant said: "Beneficence is a duty—and thus thy beneficence will engender in thee that love to mankind, which is the fullness and consummation of the inclination to do good." In this world where there is so much of wail and weariness, so much of sorrow and suffering, there will be always occasion for the exercise of love and ever a place for human virtue. The generous soul, full of sympathy, can ever find occasion "for his bounty," though there be "no winter in it," but a glorious "autumn t'was, that grew the more by reaping." She devoted herself to the investigation of the condition of three classes of unfortunates—paupers, lunatics and prisoners. It was in 1841 that she took charge of a Sunday school class of women in the East Cambridge House of Correction. She was encouraged in her beneficent labors by her pastor and friend, the eloquent Dr. Channing. Miss Dix visited the prisoners in the Boston Jail and found them without fire in the coldest weather. She found the insane treated in the same way. She went into the court and by her representations compelled the authorities to listen to her plea of mercy, and it was heeded and stoves were at once introduced. She made a thorough report of the condition of the jail, exposed its abuses, and with the aid of influential friends succeeded in rectifying wrongs and bringing something of comfort to the inmates. Here was the start of a most remarkable life of benevolence and mercy.

She began to work outside of Boston. Within the two following years she had actually visited every jail and almshouse in Massachusetts, and had made a special study of the condition in which she found the incarcerated insane. In 1843, she presented

to the legislature of her State a petition in behalf of the "insane persons confined within cages, closets, cellars, stalls, pens, chained, naked, beaten with rods or lashed into obedience illustrating the then common belief that the insane were "subjects of moral perversion," and as such, no treatment could be too severe for them. In this most benignant and praise-worthy effort in behalf of these victims, these children afflicted of God, she succeeded, and secured remedies and blessings for them in many ways. Having been so signally successful in her own State, she began to extend her work into other States, and to visit blessing and mercies upon the sad and suffering insane in other parts of the American Union. In prosecuting her noble work of relief and pity she visited every State in the Union east of the Rocky Mountains, endeavoring to reach the insane everywhere, and to persuade the several Legislatures to take prompt measures for the relief of the poor and wretched. God blessed her wonderfully in this most noble and gracious labor of love in behalf of his own afflicted poor. Remember that this great sacrifice of money, time, and toil was at a time when to travel was irksome, sometimes difficult, and not without danger. From State to State this pleader for the poor and suffering went seeking to move the hearts of men to extend the blessings she sought to the hapless, helpless inmates of jails and other places of confinement and torment. One of her several biographers says that she traveled from State to State until "her system was actually saturated with malaria," and she never withheld her hand or slackened her energy, or withheld her hope until she saw twenty asylums in twenty different states erected, at work, filled with the suffering and under proper, wise, benevolent management. In less than four years this consecrated earnest worker for humanity, this resolute, noble benefactor of her race, this wise philanthropist, had traveled over ten thousand miles, visited fifteen penitentiaries of the States, visited over three hundred county jails and houses of correction, visited over five hundred almshouses, and in addition many hospitals and houses of refuge. No place was too squalid and mean and polluted for her; no scene too repellant and terrible; no spectacle of suffering humanity too sickening. Nothing could dampen her ardor or shaken her faith or lessen her enthusiasm or prevent her activity in behalf of the distressed sufferers. On, on she went, toiling, suffering often herself; anxious, earnest, resolved. "On no other page of the annals of purity and merciful reform, can we read such a series of moral triumphs over apathy and cruel neglect." There have been other seekers of the God who loved humanity and suffered and labored in their behalf—men who visited prisons and worked reforms, but in no other nation has that woman lived who

achieved so much for the good of the distressed of earth at so much cost to herself, with such persistent unbroken tenacity of will, with such unfaltering hope and courage, with such sublime success.

I come now to the most interesting phase of Miss Dix's most useful and noble life to North Carolinians, her visit to our State in 1848, nearly a half a century ago. She was already known to intelligent and leading North Carolinians, for her great services to humanity had been published abroad. Her success in the State of New Jersey in having an asylum erected—the first perfected achievement of this good and benevolent woman—was not unknown in our own State. That was in 1845 or 1846. She came to Raleigh two years later by stage, the only way of traveling then, and it was tedious and long. She also visited Charlotte, 200 miles away, enduring day and night travel and bad roads in a lumbering stage, the only mode open to her. Then she met John W. Ellis, afterwards governor, and General Rufus Barringer, later to win green laurels in the great warfare for Southern independence, and others. She essayed to impress upon them her mission, and the noble cause she so earnestly espoused. Wherever she went she met with courtesies and attentions due to so worthy and admirable a benefactor, so grand a woman. At Raleigh she aroused much attention, and no little humor, as she told of her prison explorations, and her visits to almshouses and places of misery and suffering. General Barringer in May 1894 in his paper on "The North Carolina Railroad" read before the Historical Society of the University of North Carolina, said this:

"The helpless beings were not only often confined, on slight charges, and frequently loaded with clanking chains, all on the idea then commonly prevailing here, of there being no other practical mode of treatment, but the jails and poorhouses themselves, were horrid to look upon. Almost invariably filled with filth and stench, and the occupants often indiscriminately crowded together. This was with Miss Dix no mere sentiment, and she seemed to despise affectation in any calls to high Christian duty. Every thought was based on sound sense and direct business methods. Her name was already world-wide, her fame rivaling that of Howard and Romilly. She touched incidentally, and without the least offense the general backwardness of the State, a State at once so desirable to live in, and so in need of development. The papers had little to say, but intelligent men and women of all classes and all sections saw a crisis was upon us."

She wanted one hundred thousand dollars. It sent a shiver of dismay through the North Carolina politicians; it looked impossible. It would ruin any party, or

any politician who would dare to favor such a wild Quixotic scheme of benevolence. Were not the public streams of revenue dried up; were not the voters severely economical and unused to great benevolences? Were not the total revenues of the State but ninety-six thousand dollars? So talk of voting for such a measure under any plea, even from a woman of the best intentions, and the most intellectual force, was too wild, too extreme for countenance.

The bill making the tremendous appropriation was defeated by a large majority. The Hospital for the Insane looked a dead impossibility, but the philanthropist did not lose all heart and hope. She had sat by the side of an admirable Christian woman's bed of death, and communed with her in secret. It was Mrs. Dobbin, of Fayetteville, the wife of James C. Dobbin, who was afterwards Secretary of the Navy. She looked with tender eyes into Miss Dix's fine benevolent and striking face, and loved her for her sympathy and for her cause. She thanked her with sincere gratitude for her tender watching as she ministered to her in what was to prove her last illness. She felt drawn to her as only two noble natures are drawn to each other; and expressed her profound admiration for her friend's life-work. It was then she asked Miss Dix what she could do to repay her for her kind ministrings. The noble woman said: "Ask your husband to introduce and advocate another bill for the erection of an Asylum for North Carolina." Mrs. Dobbin could not resist this appeal, and almost with her dying breath she begged her gifted husband to repay her own debt of gratitude to Miss Dix by making another effort to pass the asylum bill. The appeal of a devoted, faithful Christian wife, did not fall upon dull insensate ears, but melted the heart of him who was so soon to be bereaved. There is nothing so pathetic in our legislative annals as the cause of Mr. Dobbin a few days later. The good wife had been deposited in the narrow house appointed for the dead—dust to dust, and ashes to ashes. The sorrowing legislator, Speaker of the House of Commons, clad in the garments of sorrow, heart very tender, yet firm, so fresh a-bleeding, entered the house and began at once to fulfill the sacred pledge he had made to his dying wife, and to meet the measure of a plain and sober duty, he owed to the ministering friend of her who was gone, as well as to the multitudes of people all over North Carolina, who were smitten and afflicted, in sufferings many and deep, and with no hope or aid of earthly solacement or deliverance. A prominent and former citizen of our State has given a most striking picture of this scene, that is historic and worthy of the painter's brush. Dr. Eugene Grisom from his far away home beyond the Rocky Mountains with a heart sighing and

burning to return to the land of his ancestors wrote of the speaker: "Feeling keenly his own bereavement, and cherishing sympathy for the woes of others, sustained by a profound sympathy that moved every bosom, he redeemed nobly his last promise to a dying wife by a speech which made a great impression. At the time all was favorable to the orator. His own nature was moved to its depth. His heart was softened and made tender by a distressing bereavement. Gratitude to Miss Dix, deep sympathy for the smitten of God, a yearning desire to help the unfortunate, all moved the gifted and generous North Carolinian, and he arose to the great demand of the occasion, and the height of the argument producing an ovation rarely equalled."

This is not excessive; hardly any speech has been heard within the deliberative walls of our State that rose so high in the pathos and power of its eloquence, that produced such remarkable and instantaneous effects. It broke down all serious opposition, swept away all hesitation and paralyzing doubt, and changed into friends scores that had faltered and doubted, and the bill passed by a small majority. The results were electrical. It ennobled the men who voted for it, it thrilled the hearts of the good and brave everywhere, it stimulated benevolence, it lifted up philanthropy and brought delight and pleasure to the great heart of the noble woman of New England who loved her fellow-man and was endowed with an exceptional power and personality. God bless forever, the memory of Dorothea Dix. Let her sweet and gracious name, synonymous with philanthropy and mercy be ever treasured in the households of North Carolina so long as virtue is practiced and veneration and admiration of the good are cherished in the hearts of our people. When the Lord Almighty needed a torch-bearer for the insane, and persecuted, and neglected, and he called to this earnest soul in bleak New England, she answered in the tumult of her soul's convictions of duty, "Here am I, send me." She asserted her right to be with and in the world's heart with the truly noble and great. She magnified her office of mercy, and deserves to be treasured as among the best and most self-sacrificing of women, and among the highest and purest of philanthropists.

The late Hon. Robert B. Gilliam, of Oxford, among the truest and most sympathetic of men, of much popularity and influence, was a member of the house, was in warm sympathy with Miss Dix, and heartily co-operated with the speaker and aided no little in passing the bill. In the Senate Hon. John A. Gilmer, one of Guilford county's distinguished and well beloved sons, always ready to dare and die for the right, and others worked for it and it passed.

In addition to her other services, Miss Dix made stupendous exertion to obtain a grant from the United States Congress, in 1848 and 1850, of 10,000,000 acres of public lands to the States, for the relief of the indigent insane. She succeeded at last after great effort, but President Pierce felt constrained to veto the bill on the ground that the Federal Government had no power to make such an appropriation. In the great war between the States this indefatigable friend of the distressed, was superintendent of hospital nurses, having the entire control of all such appointments and assignment to duty. After its close she at once resumed her blessed labors in behalf of the insane. She wrote a half dozen or more books for children, also a work (in 1845) entitled "Prisons and Prison Discipline," and many tracts for distribution among the prisoners in jails and penitentiaries. In addition, she drew up many memorials before legislative bodies in behalf of lunatic asylums, and reports on philanthropic subjects. She was a tireless worker for the suffering children of men, was instant in season and out of season, and with voice and pen sought by all persuasiveness and intellectual gifts to move those in authority and others to stretch forth the hand of charity and sympathy for the alleviation of the condition of the unfortunates of earth. What a work of diligence and beneficence was hers ! how nobly she performed it !

She visited Europe twice—her last being in behalf of suffering mankind. She visited Great Britain and the Continent. She visited Rome, "the eternal city," and was fortunate and influential enough to induce the Pope to build in that city a splendid asylum. She named a layman for superintendent which gave offence to the clergy. She wrote a letter to his holiness in three languages defending her appointment. This appeal was *successful*.

In her visit to Scotland she was rebuffed by the Lord's Lieutenant, a representative of the Crown at Edinburgh, and went to London and appealed to the Premier of England, who summoned that official before him and gave him a severe *reprimand*. Her efforts there resulted in the present Lunacy Commission and Code of Great Britain, the finest in the world.

In advocating that *law*, drawn or formulated by Miss Dix, a member of the House of Lords used this language : "To our mortification, my Lords, the neglected condition of the dependent classes in the Empire has been called to our attention by a foreigner ! and that foreigner, an American ! and that American, a Protestant ! and that Protestant, a woman !"

Her life was not without adventure as well as fruitful in benevolence and blessings.

She was perhaps nearly a half a century ago traveling in the extreme west, this side of the Rockies, and by stage. At the right place for such work the stage was held up by one of those adventurous desperadoes who failed to know the difference between mine and thine. This American Dick Turpin demanded her money or her life. She took out her pocket book and asked quietly, "how much do you want, sir?" His answer at once was, "Not a cent from you, madam. I have heard that voice before." He slunk away abashed, the truth doubtless being that in some jail or other place of confinement for criminals, or perhaps in some hospital laid upon a lowly cot, these two had met previously. He a felon, she an angel of mercy. She was practically the founder of enduring benevolent institutions in Europe and America, her labors in behalf of mercy were not limited to our own native land, as we have seen, and among the active philanthropists of the the world throughout the ages she has no rival, no peer. She was indeed a most lovable and noble specimen of true womanhood, "with the grasp of intellect, the fertility of resources, and the indomitable force of will that go to the make up of a great statesman or a great commander."

When her good work was done—when she had passed her 85th year by one count, or her 92nd year by two or three other biographers, she went to that first child of her toils—the asylum in New Jersey, suffering from disease, to die in apartments "gratefully tendered for her free use by the trustees of the institution." There, this good, pure, noble specimen of exalted womanhood finished her course and passed beyond the grave, we must hope, to meet in everlasting glory the Man of Sorrows, the Holy One of Israel, the Savior of all the broken hearted for sin, the blessed Redeemer, who healed the sick and saved the lost. She died on the 17th day of July, 1887. Let us all believe that

"She passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in paradise."

She did not, like so many of earth's toilers, have to wait the summons of God to depart before appreciation and admiration and even gratitude came to her. It did not have to be, that she must cease to toil and to live among her people, and her brows should become cold and her heart asphyxiated, before men should appraise her at her true value, and should know really what she was. They could say as one said of another :

"I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old."

God grant, that though she "be dead," so far as this life is concerned, that her noble deeds of love may long "follow her;" that her gifts and example may even inspire others to noble aspirations and activities,

"That every thought and every deed,
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need."

Profane history furnishes no more pathetic story, nor one more calculated to excite admiration than that of Aeneas bearing his aged father Anchises from burning Troy, this example of filial love and filial devotion has lived and deserves to live among the brightest mentions of fiction or history.

Ruth, the Moabitess, declining to desert her widowed mother, and declaring "thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried, the Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me," teaches a lesson of devotion to the unfortunate that the world has always loved to admire and applaud, and will admire and applaud, so long as self sacrifice and devotion to duty excite admiration in the bosom of the noble and the good.

Alongside these two immortals in the pantheon of eternal fame, upon a pedestal of unselfish self-sacrificing love, time will place Dorothea Lynde Dix.

Col. Carr prefaced his address with the following remarks :

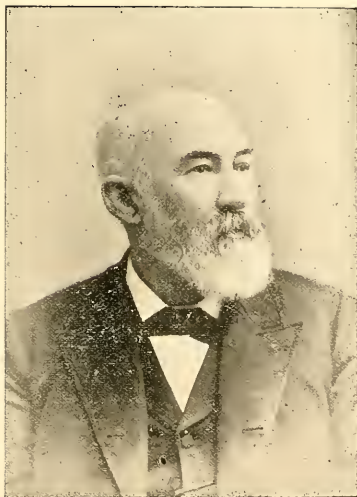
"I realize that I am standing today, as we say, out in the arena of the busy world, upon thin ice. That I, who, for twenty-five years, have closely confined myself to my office, interchanging views and propositions with every civilized and semi-civilized country upon the globe, should essay to appear upon this rostrum in the presence of perhaps the most cultivated audience that assembles in North Carolina, you may be assured required a vast deal of courage, and I feel untold misgivings. But for the fact that I am greatly in love with this institution because of the great work that it is doing for the upbuilding of North Carolina, the great influences for good that emanate from here reaching from Currituck to Cherokee, I must have declined Dr. McIver's flattering invitation to deliver this address. Imperfect as the tribute which I bring today may be, unfinished and crude as I realize it is, yet it has been with me a labor of love to lay my humble, loving tribute upon this altar to the memory of her who did so much for the State I most devoutly love.

FINGER MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

It was eminently proper that the State Normal and Industrial College should have sacredly set apart a time at this commencement for appropriate exercises in memory of the late Hon. Sidney M. Finger, to whom as much as to any other single man the institution owes its existence.

The following sketch and resolutions were prepared and read by Mr. J. Y. Joyner on behalf of the faculty. Mr. Joyner then paid a brief tribute to the work and worth of Major Finger:

Major Sidney M. Finger was born in Lincoln County, N. C., May 24, 1837, reared on a farm, received his early education in the public schools of his native county, acting as assistant in one of these schools at the early age of thirteen, through his own efforts at home, prepared for college at eighteen, entered Catawba College, Catawba County, remained nearly four years, acting as tutor a portion of the time, teaching in the public schools during vacation; entered Bowdoin College at the age of twenty-two, graduated with distinction in 1861, enlisted as private in the Confederate Army in Company I, Eleventh Regiment, North Carolina troops, assigned to duty as Quartermaster Sergeant, promoted to be Captain after the battle of Gettysburg and ordered to Charlotte, N. C., as Assistant Quartermaster, charged with the collection of the "tax in kind" provisions for the army in that district, performed this duty so efficiently that subsequently he was promoted to be Major, and charged with collecting that tax throughout the State. After the close of the war he opened a school in Catawba County, after a few months, formed a partnership with Rev. J. C. Clapp and organized Catawba High School, in Newton, in the buildings of Catawba College, taught here till failing health forced him to abandon teaching in 1874; engaged in merchandising and manufacturing, in the fall of same year was elected to the House of Representatives of the State Legislature, served so acceptably that, at the next election, he was chosen Senator for the district, embracing the counties of Catawba and Lincoln, and was again elected Senator from this district in 1881. For years he was one of the most prominent and useful trustees of the University of North Carolina, and of Catawba College. In



S. M. FINGER,

FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE STATE
NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

early life he connected himself with the German Reformed Church, and soon became, and remained throughout life, one of the most active, devoted and influential laymen of this church.

As a legislator, he turned his attention chiefly to educational and financial matters, and soon became a leader in these. In 1882, he was appointed a member of the first Board of Directors of the Western Hospital for the Insane at Morganton. His executive ability and his wise counsel were almost invaluable in laying the foundation of the splendid success of that magnificent institution.

In 1884, he was chosen Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of North Carolina. He discharged the duties of this office with such distinguished ability that he was re-elected in 1888 without any considerable opposition. He builded wisely upon the foundation that his predecessors, Hon. J. C. Scarborough and others, had helped to lay, and the cause of public education made more progress during his administration than during any previous period of the State's history. The public school tax was increased, the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts was established, a system of educational institutes was inaugurated, which, under the able conduct of Dr. Charles D. McIver and Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, greatly assisted in bringing about an educational revival, and in effecting many much needed reforms in the public schools. The schools were increased in number and improved in character and equipment, the standard of teaching was elevated, the requirements therefor made more uniform and more rigid, and the methods of instruction conservatively reformed.

Major Finger had early seen the necessity for a school for the training of teachers, and, almost from the moment of his induction into office, had begun to plead for the establishment of such an institution by the State. He was among the first advocates of it in the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, and was a member of the first committee appointed by that body in 1886 to present the necessity of its establishment before the Legislature of North Carolina. In season and out of season, he gave to its support the whole weight of his personal, professional and official influence, until, in the closing year of his administration, he witnessed what he deemed the crowning of his educational ambition in the successful establishment and the auspicious opening of the State Normal and Industrial School for women at Greensboro, N. C.

As President of the first Board of Directors of this institution, that was charged with wisely locating the school, superintending the erection of suitable buildings, selecting a president and faculty, and successfully inaugurating a great work like

this, his duties were many and arduous. These duties were discharged cheerfully, lovingly, and with eminent ability.

After the expiration of his term of office as Superintendent of Public Instruction, in recognition of his former valuable services, he was appointed a member of the Board of Directors from his Congressional district.

From the hour of the establishment of this institution by act of the Legislature to the hour of his death, Major Finger was its devoted friend, never hesitating to make to its best interests all needed contributions of his valuable time and thought, and ever making his personal interests and business secondary to the interest and business of the institution.

In recognition of his splendid services to the cause of education, and of his untiring devotion to the State Normal and Industrial College, the faculty of that institution desires to place on record this brief sketch of his life, and the following resolutions, feebly expressive of their loss and their sorrow at his death:

Resolved:—

First, That in the death of Major S. M. Finger the cause of education in North Carolina has lost one of its truest, ablest and wisest champions, the State of North Carolina one of its noblest and most patriotic citizens, the State Normal and Industrial College for women one of its first, firmest and warmest friends.

Second, That every member of this faculty and every student of this institution feels a keen sense of personal loss in the death of him, who, in life, manifested toward them an almost parental care and love.

Third, That we desire to assure his bereaved wife of an unbounded sympathy, too deep to undertake to express through the feeble medium of words.

Fourth, That a copy of this sketch and of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Finger, another be spread upon the records of the State Normal and Industrial College, and a third be transmitted to the Board of Directors of the institution.

The following resolutions were then presented by Hon. W. P. Shaw, of Winston, N. C., on behalf of the Board of Directors of the State Normal and Industrial College:

Resolved:—

First, That the Board of Directors of the State Normal and Industrial College has learned with profound sensibility and tender sadness the death of Hon. Sidney M. Finger.

Second, That in his death the State has lost one of her most useful and honored citizens, and the cause of education an earnest and enthusiastic advocate.

Third, That we tender the profound heartfelt sympathy of the board to Mrs. Finger in her deep sorrow and sad bereavement.

Fourth, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded by the secretary of this board to Mrs. Finger and the same, together with the resolutions of the faculty and pupils of the college, be placed upon our records.

After reading the resolutions, Mr. Shaw paid an eloquent tribute to Major Finger. Hon. J. C. Scarborough, Ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction, Hon. C. H. Mebane, Superintendent of Public Instruction and *ex-officio* Chairman of the Board of Directors, Dr. E. A. Alderman, President of the State University, and Dr. C. D. McIver, President of the State Normal and Industrial College, followed in just, discriminating and feeling tributes.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

SATURDAY NIGHT, MAY 15, 1897.

The commencement exercises began on Saturday evening at eight o'clock, with a play entitled "Jove's Blessing," written for the occasion by Mr. Robt. Dick Douglas. It was the pleasing introduction to the presentation of a portrait of President McIver which was painted by Mr. W. G. Randall, and is the gift of the students to the college, as a token of their appreciation of his work. Dr. McIver expressed in a few words his thanks for the gift, which was a complete surprise to him and to the faculty.

A banquet give to the Alumnae and senior class by the faculty, the junior class assisting, followed the entertainment. The spacious dining room was tastefully decorated with palms, ferns and flowers. The menu was as follows :

Olives.	Sandwiches.	Pickles.
	Chicken Salad.	
	Waifers.	
	<hr/>	
Strawberry Cream.	Cake.	Vanilla Cream.
	Coffee.	

Miss Bertha M. Lee presided as toast mistress and the following toasts were presented :

ALUMNAE.....	PRESIDENT CHARLES D. McIVER
OUR ALMA MATER.....	MARY J. ARRINGTON, '95
	ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.
CLASS OF '97.....	STELLA MIDDLETON, '96
	WARSAW SCHOOLS, N. C.
REPLY.....	BERTHA M. DONNELLY
	PRESIDENT CLASS OF '97.
THE PULIC SCHOOLS AND THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.....	
	NETTIE MARVIN ALLEN, '95
	PRACTICE SCHOOL OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.
OUR SISTER COLLEGES.....	ANNIE PAGE, '93
	GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE.
CLASS OF '98.....	MARY BEST JONES, '97
REPLY	SUSIE PARSELEY
	PRESIDENT CLASS OF '98.
THE SCHOOL MA'AM.....	ETHEL M PARMELE, '95
	WILMINGTON CITY SCHOOLS.

The guests on rising, sang "The Old North State" and "Auld Lang Syne" as a finale to a very delightful evening.

The speeches of the evening were full of enthusiastic love for the Normal and Industrial College and abounded in good humor, good fellowship and good sense. This reception and re-union is the successful inauguration of annual gatherings of the Alumnae in the halls of their beloved Alma Mater.

SUNDAY MORNING.

On Sunday morning, May 16, the commencement exercises proper began with the annual sermon, preached by the Rev. Charles Hoffman, Rector St. Peter's Episcopal Church of Charlotte. The chapel was slightly darkened and tastefully decorated with palms and flowers. A large and attentive audience listened to the sermon which was based upon the fourteenth verse of the first chapter of John, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

Mr. Hoffman began his sermon with a beautiful parable, symbolical of the different phases of the truth grasped at different times by various nations, but never made whole and perfect until Christ came as the embodiment of truth in the flesh and dwelt among us. Many valuable scriptural truths were presented with won-

derful adaptation to the occasion. The great strength and truth of the sermon together with the intense earnestness of the speaker, the force and beauty of his language, and the graceful and impressive manner in which his discourse was delivered, held the closest attention of the entire audience from beginning to end. The music, under the direction of Mr. Clarence R. Brown, was most appropriate, and added materially to the impressiveness and solemnity of the occasion.

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 17TH.

The exercises on Monday evening of commencement were opened with one of the prettiest incidents of the occasion. Just after the speaker of the evening, Dr. J. L. M. Curry, and the other distinguished guests were seated upon the platform, the Sophomore class, dressed in their class colors, red and white, marched into the chapel. They arranged themselves upon the stage, and after a short, pleasing address by the president of the class, Miss Oberia Rogers, of Waynesville, they unfurled a beautiful silk flag of North Carolina as a gift to the institution.

President McIver, as the representative of the institution, received the flag and made a few apt remarks expressing his appreciation of the gift. He closed his remarks with the request that "The Old North State" be sung, and so the whole audience united in singing this patriotic song. When this was finished, Dr. Curry, having been appropriately introduced by Col. James E. Boyd, delivered the address of the evening. His address on "What Individual Americans Have Done for Education" was instructive, inspiring and eloquent. Dr. Curry is, indeed, "seventy years young." There is a ripeness and richness of thought and feeling in his addresses, that are the products only of years of scholarly study and quiet reflection. His eloquence is the splendid eloquence of earnest truth, fittingly spoken by one from whose lips it prevails with double sway. At the close of Dr. Curry's address he announced that he wished to present a medal to the young woman whom Dr. McIver should designate as being the most faithful in the performance of her duties and the one who had made the greatest sacrifices in order to obtain an education. Although this was totally unexpected to Dr. McIver, he at once said that, in his opinion, Miss Phoebe Pegram, of Surry County, deserved the medal, and to her Dr. Curry presented it in a speech full of splendid advice. The hearty applause called forth by this announcement showed that Dr. McIver had made no mistake in his selection.

The medal is of bronze, and bears on one side a bas-relief of George Peabody

and on the other the Peabody motto: "Education—a debt due from present to future generations."

TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 18TH.

The exercises opened on Tuesday morning with prayer by the Rev. Jesse Page, of Aberdeen, N. C.

Then followed an hour devoted to the memory of Maj. Sidney M. Finger, the first President of the board of directors of the State Normal and Industrial College. Mr. J. Y. Joyner gave a short sketch of the life and public services of Maj. Finger, and, in behalf of the faculty, presented resolutions expressing their appreciation of his great worth, and their sorrow at his death, concluding with a brief and feeling personal tribute to the memory of his beloved friend. Mr. W. P. Shaw then read the resolutions adopted by the board of directors, and in a few well chosen words expressed his own admiration and respect for Maj. Finger. The resolutions of the faculty and the board of directors will be found in full in our columns. Hon. John C. Scarborough, Hon. Charles H. Mebane and Dr. Edwin A. Alderman paid high tribute to the man whom all North Carolina loved. Before introducing the speaker of the day, Col. Julian S. Carr, Dr. McIver announced that the portrait of Miss Dorothea Dix, which had just been placed upon the chapel walls, was the gift of Mrs. W. G. Randall and the work of her talented husband.

Mr. Carr then addressed the audience on the subject of the "Philanthropy of Dorothea Dix." His address was easily and gracefully delivered, and was full of interesting information regarding this woman who did so much for North Carolina. Elsewhere in our columns will be found his admirable address.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

On Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 the elocution classes entertained the visitors and students with representative exercises. The recitations were especially good reflecting much credit on Mrs. Sharpe's faithful training.

The Indian club class, led by Miss Phoebe Pegram, gave a fine drill showing great skill in the many and difficult movements presented.

"The Bear Story That Little Aleck Ist Made Up Hissself," was well recited by Miss Bessie Simms. The story was interesting and very amusing to the audience.

The International Flag Drill came next on the program. Each country was represented by four girls dressed in national costume and bearing its flag. As they marched upon the stage, patriotic airs were played and characteristic movements

were given. The last flag to enter was that of the United States, borne by Miss Mamie Parker, dressed in red, white and blue. The other nations arranged in a semi-circle on the stage, waved a welcome to her. The colors of the dresses, together with the flags produced a most pleasing effect.

Miss Julia Dameron, in a clear full voice, then recited "The High-Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire,"

This was followed by the Japanese Fan Drill, given by twelve young ladies, beautifully dressed in the picturesque Japanese costume.

The afternoon programme closed with "Sonny's Christening," recited by Miss Ellen Saunders. This story, witty and natural in itself, was simply and charmingly told.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Tuesday night was particularly the night of the Senior class. Then the class of '97 gave to the public its best thoughts. The twenty-three graduates sat in the semi-circle on the rostrum, but only six essays were read.

The exercises began with music by the Brockmann Orchestra.

Miss Bertha May Donnelly, the president of the class, presided. The names of the young ladies who were the honored representatives of their class of twenty-three, and the subjects of their essays are given below, in the order in which the essays were read :

Nellie Ashburn Bond, Bertie County.....	The State's Greatest Need
Iola Vance Exum, Greene County.....	Tennyson's Teachings
Bessie Rouse, Lenoir County.....	Noiseless Revolutions
Mary Cheves West, Buncombe County.....	Poets and Poetry of the South
Harriet Morehead Berry, Orange County.....	The Jingle of the Guinea
Mary Faison De Vane, New Hanover County.....	Ideals of Womanhood

Limited space forbids our undertaking to give abstracts of these essays or to pay to each the compliments that it richly deserves. Suffice it to say that the essays were admirable in thought, expression and delivery, and received many merited tributes from the audience and from the newspapers whose reporters were present. One of the most tasteful and highly appreciated of which is the following from the editorial report of the exercises in the *Christian Advocate*:

"On Tuesday night six young ladies of the graduating class read essays. They were very happy in the selection and treatment of their subjects and elicited hearty applause from the

immense audience that listened attentively to them. Evidently these young ladies have learned to read and think and to express facts and thoughts clearly and forcibly. Their presence will be felt in the church, the school-room and the home."

The other members of the class of '97, with the subjects of their theses, are as follows :

Minnie Frances Barbee, Durham County.....	Unheralded Heroism
Irma Carraway, Guilford County.....	Ring out the Darkness of the Land
Bertha May Donnelly, Mecklenburg County.....	The Duty of the Class of '97 to the State
Frances Margaret Eskridge, Cleveland County.....	"Perhaps it may turn out a song, Perhaps turn out a sermon."
Celestia Jones Gill, Vance County.....	The Old Woman
Emily Gregory, Guilford County.....	Imagination, a Formative Influence on Character
Annie Royal Hankins, New Hanover County.....	Elementary Science in Elementary Schools
Frances Lois Hill, Cabarrus County.....	The Modern Soldier
Fannie Louise Harris, Mecklenburg County.....	Relation of Myths to Life
Lyda Howard Humber, Moore County.....	Philosophy of Sin in Macbeth
Mary Best Jones, Wayne County.....	The Kindergarten Uplifts the World
Sabrella James, Sampson County.....	Unconscious Tuition
Madge Frances Little, Anson County.....	Yesterday and To-day
Martha Livermon, Bertie County.....	Parsons in Literature
Grace Middleton Smallbones, New Hanover County.....	Truth's Martyrs
Grace Louise Scott, Buncombe County.....	Relation of Literature to Life
Willie Louise Watson, Warren County.....	The Queen of the Antilles

The exercises of the evening closed with the singing of the class song, composed by Miss Frances Eskridge, of Cleveland county, for the arbor day exercises.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19TH.

The exercises of Wednesday were begun with prayer by Rev. T. J. Ogburn, of Summerfield, N. C.

The feature of the day was the address of Mr. Walter H. Page. The address appears elsewhere in full, together with comments upon it by leading editors of the State. The audience was large and appreciative. No address delivered at the institution has created greater interest among those who heard it.

Mr. Page is a North Carolinian, being a native of Wake county. His father and most of his relatives have for several years lived in Moore county. About twenty years ago, Mr. Page was a student at Old Trinity College in Randolph county. Leaving that institution after his Sophomore year, he studied at Johns Hopkins and in Europe. Returning to this country, he did special newspaper work

in New York City, and afterwards came to Raleigh and edited the State Chronicle. About ten years ago, he returned to New York, and afterwards became editor of the Forum, in which position he won a reputation creditable in every way to himself and a source of pride to his native State. Retiring from the editorship of the Forum, he moved to Boston where he became editor of the Atlantic Monthly. He has never lost his interest in his native State, and he has unbounded faith in her possibilities, if her people can be aroused to take advantage of their opportunities.

Mr. Josephus Daniels, editor of the News and Observer, who was his successor in Raleigh as editor of the State Chronicle, introduced Mr. Page in the following words :

“A few years ago, when the gentleman who is to address you, was editor of the Forum, a series of interesting and thoughtful articles from eminent men was published on “Influences That Have Helped Me.” It is not only eminent men who look back upon the influence of some one man or event as a mile post in their lives. Those of us who have achieved nothing more than zeal for noble attainments can also grow reminiscent, and look back to the stimulus of some brave spirit.

I am glad of the opportunity to publicly declare that I owe much to the gentlemen who is with us today from his northern home. Looking back upon his career from the time he was a North Carolina editor, I can feel that he has advanced with that breadth that takes in human kind. That breadth did much to expand and quicken the possibilities of North Carolina journalism. Many of us, I among them, have felt a warmer zeal in our work because of having known this man, his methods and his motives. Many of us have watched his course, *sometimes not* without anxiety, during the days when we knew his hand must be strong and sure, but he did not falter or fail.

The Atlantic Monthly, which stands as a new Forum upon which the newer thought of the world may be exchanged, is, we are proud to feel, a product of his Tar-heel sense, his culture, and better still, that far-reaching horizon of the heart which has all women and all men for its world.

From the years when he left the schools of his state, he has been the means of doing no good or achieving no honor the credit and consequence of which he would not at all times have felt doubly possessed of in sharing them with his people. He comes to us—to you—today, doubly equipped in learning, in distinction, in perfect understanding of and sympathy with the work before you here, and the problems which we are trying to solve in North Carolina.

Mr. Page is in no small fashion a co-planter of the seeds of which this institution is in part the fruitage. As editor of the State Chronicle, he was the pioneer in industrial education in North Carolina. Both he and President McIver, in this work, as in others, have stood abreast, *oftener in advance* of the time, in that larger human sympathy which finds its only expression in the real helping forward of women and men.

Mr. Page comes to speak to you on "The Forgotten Man." Although he has been transplanted—and I may say, is the best type of the Tar-heel shoot grafted on the Yankee tree—he still bears the same love for the places that once knew him, and, in that sense, he is a living refutation of the subject of his address.

I have the honor of introducing Mr. Walter H. Page, of Boston and Moore county."

After Mr. Page's address, President McIver presented certificates of proficiency in the Commercial Department and the Diplomas to the graduating class, twenty three in number.

The Bibles were presented to the graduates by Rev. L. W. Crawford in one of the most appropriate talks ever listened to on a similar occasion.

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Dr. Egbert Smith, of Greensboro.

His Excellency, Governor Daniel L. Russell, after a few introductory remarks in which he said among other things, that he congratulated the audience upon hearing the address of Mr. Page, which might properly be called "remarkable and great," presented to the class the beautiful little volumes containing the Constitution of North Carolina and of the United States, in the following speech :

"I have been requested by the President of your college to present to each of you one of these little volumes containing the Constitution of the United States and of the State, and to make some remarks on the importance of imparting civic knowledge to the minds of the young. The basic idea of that socialistic policy which taxes the property of all for equal distribution in maintaining public schools is that education makes a better citizenship. In this age of greed and gain, of sham and shame, of venality and corruption, it cannot be truthfully asserted that there is equal opportunity for all citizens in the pursuit of happiness. This republic presents to the world the only encouragement for those who aspire and struggle and hope. But even here we are approaching that period of material development when even the comforts and reasonable wants of life will be denied to all except those who

are born with them. But if this be not so, it is certain that there can be no chance to enjoy the rational pleasures of life without the mental cultivation of the schools. And equally certain it is that without general education there can never be intelligent or successful citizenship. The conception of your president is that you should study these organic political instruments to the end that you may teach them to some extent in the public schools.

"To 'some extent?' Perhaps it will be as well not to carry the instruction too far along that line lest you cause the juvenile mind to question the justice of some of the rules of civil action prescribed by the supreme power of many of the States. They might inquire why it is that women are selected to give political and civil instruction, why should they know anything about it? Most of them are in the habit of entering into a civil contract, irrevocable and irreparable. As long as they keep out of this covenant, they do have civil freedom. They may have property, they may acquire it, they may work for it and earn it and keep it. They may sell and buy and go home and come and follow various pursuits—that is, such pursuits as are not specially attractive, and therefore reserved for men. But when they make this contract, the law says that they shall contract no more—probably upon the idea that it is a species of Eleusinian mystery, with the ingrafted warning Dante saw emblazoned above Tartarian gates. They cannot make advantageous sale of property which they have acquired by self denial and toil, they cannot exercise dominion over their own property, they cannot sell, they cannot exchange it, they cannot turn it into more desirable property, they are not entitled to their own earnings, and cannot get hire for their own heads or hands; none of these things can they do without the consent of their husband. It is to be observed, however, that the law in its liberality does permit them to dispose of it by will—that is, to have the control of it just when they have no need for it.

"Then, again as to personal liberty or slavery, they are the subjects of the law's deepest solicitude. When the Bible speaks of 'all men' it generally means to include children and women. Our Bills of Rights and Constitutions when they guarantee equality and liberty to 'all men' are understood that when they say 'men' they do not mean women. Our 'grave and reverend seigniors' who make the unwritten law by writing it in countless pages of confused and conflicting reports tell us that the husband is entitled to the personal services of the wife, and that he may hire her out and recover the wages in his own right.

"He may commit all sorts of trespasses upon her property and her person with

impunity. If she has a nominal remedy, it is generally worse than the wrong. He may assault and insult her. But in its wisdom and goodness, the law puts a limit upon his aggression. Some highly respectable and law-learned barbarian decided from the bench that the husband may whip her at his pleasure, but must not use a weapon larger than the thumb. This made the law which has since clattered down the ages. We are not informed whether he meant the largest or the smallest thumb. Perhaps he meant his own judicial thumb, but no description of its dimensions was transmitted to his conservative and concurring successors.

"So that, in the centuries, since this enduring ruling, the chances of women have depended upon the sizes of the thumbs of the judges or jurors who tried the case. This principle is supported by an acknowledged analogy of the Chancery Courts, where, as the lawyers say, the decision frequently depends upon the length of the Chancellor's foot. Nothing but tender regard for woman's rights could have permitted this question to be so decided. The decision, however, was not embarrassing to the husband, nor did it seriously impair his inalienable rights. It left him in command of horsewhips and rawhides and knouts and straps. Thus we see how it was that no loud complaint was made by the voters against this judicial ruling. There is no record showing that husbands in angry protest joined together, formed a political party and appealed to the country. They quietly submitted to this limitation upon their prerogatives. Thus was vindicated the humanity and the wisdom of the law.

"But, in seriousness, it may be said that civics should be taught in the schools. The men and women of to-day and of the future must appreciate the blessings of civil equality. They should, for their own protection, know something of the principle and methods of their government. This Republic, the last and best attempt that man has made for his own advancement and happiness, must totter to its fall unless we can have an intelligent and independent citizenship strong enough to protect the humble holdings of the unorganized many against the overgrown wealth of the organized few, and to proclaim to all the world that this government shall be controlled by men, and not by money."

WEDNESDAY NIGHT.

The Normal College never welcomed a larger audience than that which crowded its chapel Wednesday evening.

The evening's entertainment began with a very pleasing quartette by Misses Shaw, Miller, Folsom, and Hanes. This was followed by a successful rendering of

Howell's farce, "The Elevator." Miss Margaret McCaull was fascinating in the role of Mrs. Roberts. Miss Emma Spencer made a delightful old lady as Mrs. Crashaw. Miss Mary Jones, Miss Braddie Hyman and Miss Fannie Landis, in a charming manner, played the parts of Mrs. Curwen, Mrs. Miller and Miss Lawton. The remainder of the cast was as follows :

MR. ROBERTS	MISS S. NASH
MR. BEMIS, SR	MISS B. I. SIMMS
MR. CURWEN	MISS M. F. LITTLE
MR. BEMIS, JR	MISS L. BOYD
MR. MILLER	MISS B. E. FOLSOM
MR. CAMPBELL	MISS T. R. PARKER
ELEVATOR BOY	MISS S. SAUNDERS
DR. LAWTON	MISS J. M. DAMERON

All acted their difficult parts very gracefully, but Miss Folsom was the peculiar admiration of the audience.

A beautiful Delsarte Scarf Drill followed, and then came the comic operetta, "The Dress Rehearsal," rendered in a very creditable manner by the vocal music department under the management of Mr. Clarence R. Brown. The characters were as follows:

MISS JONES—Principal of Grove House Academy	B. WYATT
MADAMOISELLE EPINARD—French Governess.	S. HANES
AMY FIBBS—Afterwards Cinderilla	D. MILLER
CLARA WILKINS—Afterwards the Prince	M. MILLER
SARAH ANN—The Greedy Girl	M. MCKOY
SOPHONISBA SPIVINS—The Romantic Girl	B. FOLSOM
MARTHA HIGGINS } Afterwards Spiteful Sisters.	O. HOWELL
CARRY JACKSON }	M. STALLINGS
MRS. JARVEY—Elocution Mistress	L. CANTWELL
MISS PRUDENCE PINCHBACK—A Visitor	E. HIRSHINGER
ROSA JENNINGS—Afterwards Fairy Godmother	B. SHAW
HUMPIE	D. GRIFFITH
SERVANT	R. WHITAKER

SOME OF OUR VISITORS.

Among the many visitors, besides Alumnae and former students, were:
Governor and Mrs. Daniel L. Russell.

Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Walter H. Page, Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Randall, Washington, D. C.

Col. Julian S. Carr, Durham, N. C.

Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, President of the University of North Carolina.

Mr. W. S. Primrose, Raleigh, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Josephus Daniels, Raleigh, N. C.

Hon. J. C. Scarborough, Raleigh, N. C.

Superintendent of Public Instruction, Hon. Charles H. Mebane, Raleigh, N. C.

Hon. W. P. Shaw, Winton, N. C.

Mr. Hugh Chatham, Elkin, N. C.

Dr. J. M. Spainhour, Lenoir, N. C.

Col. A. C. McAlister, Asheboro, N. C.

Mr. R. D. Gilmer, Waynesville, N. C.

Prof. John Graham, Ridgeway, N. C.

Hon. J. E. Fowler, Congressman from Third District.

Mr. A. F. Page, Aberdeen, N. C.

Rev. Jesse Page, Aberdeen, N. C.

Mr. J. P. Caldwell, *Charlotte Observer*.

Col. J. R. Webster, *Webster's Weekly*, Reidsville, N. C.

Mr. T. B. Baily, Mocksville, N. C.

Supt. M. C. S. Noble, Wilmington, N. C.

Supt. J. J. Blair, Winston, N. C.

Mrs. Dr. Hodges, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Berry, Hillsboro, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Smallbones, Wilmington, N. C.

Mrs. Hankins, Wilmington, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Humber, Jonesboro, N. C.

Mr. J. J. Little, Wadesboro, N. C.

Mrs. Wilson, Wilson's Mills, N. C.
Mrs. M. Donnelly, Charlotte, N. C.
Major J. G. Harris, Charlotte, N. C.
Mrs. M. L. Harris, Charlotte, N. C.
Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Rouse, Kinston, N. C.
Misses Lillie and Eula Rouse, La Grange, N. C.
Col. R. T. Gray, Raleigh, N. C.
Supt. W. T. Whitsett, Fairview Institute.
Rev. T. J. Ogburn, Summerfield, N. C.
Mr. T. B. Eldridge, *Raleigh Tribune*.
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Miller, of Kansas.
Mr. J. F. Mewborne, Kinston, N. C.
State Geologist J. A. Holmes, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Mr. Phillip Hanes, Winston, N. C.
Mrs. and Miss De Vane, Faison's, N. C.
Mrs. Staples, Reidsville, N. C.
Prof. N. C. English, Trinity, N. C.
Mr. John R. English, Monroe, N. C.
Mr. Josiah Exum, Snow Hill, N. C.
Mrs. B. H. Bunn, Rocky Mount, N. C.
Messrs. Frank Miller, Frank Vaughn and Griffith of Winston, N. C.
Mr. Joe S. Wray, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Mr. B. E. Blanton, Davis Military School.

EDITORIALS.

The August Elections By act of the last Legislature every township in North Carolina will have the opportunity of voting in August upon the question of levying a local township tax to supplement its public school fund, and every township will receive from the State an amount equal to the amount raised by the special tax that it levies, provided that amount does not exceed \$500, which is the maximum that any township may receive for this purpose from the State treasury.

It seems to us that the only hope for any great improvement of our public schools lies in local taxation. The State has gone almost as far in the direction of a general tax for public schools as their most sanguine friends can reasonably hope for it to go, and still the public schools are sadly inadequate to the stupendous work of educating the great masses of our people. Unless the people of the various country communities of North Carolina shall, like the people of the leading towns and cities of the State, have the wisdom clearly to see and the courage bravely to perform their duty in this matter by meeting the State half way, and supplementing by a local tax the insufficient public school fund, the public schools must continue to struggle with a hopeless task, and thousands of the present generation must still be doomed to wear the galling yoke of ignorance.

To your tents, O, Israel! Friends of public education, lovers of humanity, loyal sons and daughters of Carolina, now is the time for you to show your faith and your love by your works. You stand face to face with the most glorious opportunity that this generation has had of securing an effective and adequate system of common schools and thereby banishing the blight of illiteracy from every community in your beloved State.

Men and women that love your State, allow not this opportunity to pass unused, buckle on your armor, march forth into every community of this commonwealth, and do battle with tongue and pen, and influence and vote for local taxation, the hope of the public schools.

Woman's Exposition of the Carolinas

There is nothing more noteworthy among woman's late achievements in North Carolina than the Woman's Exposition of the Carolinas, which opened in Charlotte on May 11, under the management of the women of Mecklenburg County. It was undertaken with the idea of "increasing an interest in the fine arts in the Carolinas," of collecting historical relics which are of value to the Carolinas, and of presenting industrial features which shall be helpful to them. The enterprise was entered upon for the purpose of assisting the Young Men's Christian Association of Charlotte. The exhibit may be classified under the heads of Art, Science and Industry. Among the pictures which have been loaned to the Exposition is the famous "Breaking Home Ties," which is owned by C. C. Harrison, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania. An interesting collection of Colonial, Revolutionary, Mexican and Confederate relics has been made, and there is a fine exhibit of minerals, birds, scientific apparatus, etc. Industry is chiefly represented by a manufacturers' exhibit, directed by the leading firms of Charlotte. Merchants have allotments of space, which are furnished and decorated according to the character of the exhibit. Interesting exercises are provided for each evening, and everything possible is done for the entertainment of visitors. The Exposition is the first of its kind in the State, is managed entirely by women, and bids fair to be most successful.

The University Summer School

The University Summer School, now in the fourth year of its history, offers a month of improvement and pleasure rarely combined.

It offers courses in literature, languages and science, by members of the faculty of the University, and also by teachers of national reputation from other universities and schools; and these advantages are open to students of both sexes.

The slight expense makes it possible for many teachers to keep in touch in this way with the newer pedagogical methods, to have the use of an extensive library, and also to avail themselves of the incalculable benefit of meeting and knowing their fellow-workers throughout the State.

The thoroughness of the work done during the four lecture hours of the morning, is equalled by the thorough enjoyment of the succeeding leisure of the afternoon and evening, by those who appreciate the benefit of an "all around educa-

tion." Realizing that "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy," many a Jack resolves not to be dull at any hazard, and promptly selects a Jill to go up the hill of Battle's Park with him; not for the traditional pail of water, but to view the glories of sunset from "Piney Prospect." Others find in tennis, riding, driving, and informal receptions, a pleasant relaxation after the labors of the morning. The Summer School, with its influx of femininity, has relegated to the past the time-honored cry of "Angel in the campus!" which so agitated the collegians of former days at the slightest glimpse of fluttering skirts under the academic oaks.

The North Carolina Teachers' Assembly meets at Morehead City June 15th to June 25th inclusive. An unusually attractive programme has been arranged this year. Leading educators of this and other States are to take part in the discussions of great educational and pedagogical questions. A special feature will be the departmental work in literature, science, languages, pedagogy, primary work, etc., conducted by trained specialists of established reputation in each of these departments.

Very low rates on all railroads, and a rate of one dollar a day board at the famous Atlantic Hotel have been secured.

The meeting at Asheville last summer was one of the most largely attended and successful meetings of the Assembly ever held in the State, and the indications are that the meeting at Morehead this summer be even more successful and inspiring. The North Carolina Teachers' Assembly has been a great blessing to the teachers of the State and to the cause of education in the past, and promises to be a greater blessing in the future.

Success and long life to it!

We call attention to a short poem in our columns by Johanna Ambrosius. We have heard much said about the woman, but the past year has brought to the notice of Germany and the English-speaking world no more remarkable one than Johanna Ambrosius, Germany's peasant poetess, who has been called by some a modern Burns; by others, another Ada Negri. She has worked her way into the hearts and homes of the German people. If she lacks the genius of Burns and the force of the socialistic Italian poetess, she has a simple sweetness and purity of her own, which

have won for her honor and donations from the Empress, and the attention of all the greatest minds of the empire.

She was born in a little village in Prussia. With no education except that gained at a village school, at the early age of eleven, she shared with her sister all the household cares. Her father was a day laborer, but a poetic instinct led him to take the Gartenlaube, into which Johanna had many happy peeps. Some years later she went into service as a domestic, and at twenty married a German peasant. The remainder of her life has been one of drudgery and physical suffering, which caused her to say: "Whoever like me has sat at the same board with want and drunk from the same cup of penury, knows what life is," and such a life has brought to her, though but forty-two years old, the wrinkles of old age. But she has also tasted of those sweets which few, indeed, of us have known, for she has ever found joy and solace in the poetic muse. She has written in all five hundred poems, some of which have been put to music. We are indebted to Miss Mary Safford for translations of several of her poems, and we will heartily welcome the translation of her collected poems which Messrs. Roberts Bros. have prepared. English literature will be enriched by poems expressive of a rare love of nature and the sentiments of noble womanhood, enveloped in folk melody, which is distinctly German.

The State Normal and Industrial College is five years old. It **Prominent** has been serviceable to the State in many ways besides the ordinary **Addresses** teaching work which it has done for the thousand and more young women who have been enrolled as its students. It has brought together this large number of students from every section of the State, and they have learned from one another many lessons which could not be learned in any other way. One of the most conspicuous advantages which these young women have enjoyed has been the many practical and helpful addresses delivered at the institution by speakers of extraordinary ability and reputation. A large number of the most attractive talkers in North Carolina have lectured, and probably no institution in the same length of time has been more fortunate in the selection of its speakers, who have come to it from outside of the State. During the past four years the principal speakers have been Hon. Wm. J. Bryan, on "Money and Bimetallism;" Gen. John B. Gordon, on "The Last Days of the Confederacy;" Hon. Carroll D. Wright, on "The Avenues for Earning a Living, Open to the Women of the United States;" Dr.

Nicholas Murray Butler, on "The Relation of the Teacher to the People and of the People to the Teacher;" Dr. Charles W. Dabney, on "Woman and Her Work;" Walter H. Page, on "The Forgotten Man;" and Hon. J. L. M. Curry, on "The Philanthropy of George Peabody."

There have been many other addresses by men like Geo. R. Wendling, Gov. Bob Taylor, Dr. Willits, Hannibal Williams, Dr. Mayo and Dr. Talmage.

Among the prominent women who have lectured before the students are Mrs. W. J. Bryan, Frances E. Willard, Miss Homans, of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, Miss Helen Morris Lewis, of Asheville, and Miss Dora Duty Jones, of Washington, D. C.

The Board of Directors, at their recent meeting, decided to establish, in connection with the College, a Department of Horticulture, and elected as head of the department Mr. Thomas L. Brown, who is now manager of the Market Garden Department on the Vanderbilt estate at Biltmore. Mr. Brown is a native of England. He lived twenty years in Michigan before he accepted the position on the Vanderbilt estate. He is a practical gardener, and, in addition to his work as head of the Horticultural Department, he will become the general manager of the grounds of the institution. Dairying and poultry raising will be new features in the industrial department, which will be greatly strengthened by these additions.

Certainly, if a department of horticulture is necessary for white men at the Agricultural and Mechanical College in Raleigh, and for the colored men and women in the Agricultural and Mechanical College in Greensboro, the State ought not to delay longer the development of a horticultural department for the women of the white race who are to make its homes.

Every year some generous, public-spirited woman remembers the State Normal and Industrial College in some appropriate manner. Mrs. J. C. Buxton, of Winston, Mrs. Josephus Daniels, of Raleigh, and Mrs. Julian S. Carr, of Durham, have each established loan funds during the past three years, and a number of young women have been aided from these funds who could not have secured an education without their help.

The latest woman's gift to the institution is an oil portrait of Dorothea Dix. It is the gift of Mrs. W. G. Randall, of Raleigh. Mrs. Randall hopes that, by plac-

ing this handsome portrait on the walls of the State Normal and Industrial College she may be the means of keeping fresh in the minds of the young women of the State the romantic and inspiring story of one of the world's greatest philanthropists, who, in spite of adverse conditions in her early life, by her greatness of soul, her faith in God and humanity and herself, placed half the States of this Union under a debt of special and everlasting gratitude to her for her practical labors in behalf of afflicted humanity.

The Board of Directors of the Normal and Industrial College are arranging to have the male members of the Faculty to conduct **Educational Institutes.** Educational Institutes in various counties of the State. These institutes are required by the charter of the institution, but an act of the Legislature of 1895 made it impossible to hold any institutes during the past two years. The Legislature of 1897 changed the law in this respect. Messrs. McIver, Joyner and Claxton will do their work in July and August.

Superintendent Mebane, President of the Board, and President McIver are now making out a program of institutes. It is hoped that they will not only be helpful to teachers professionally but that they will also aid materially in the campaign for local taxation under the new law.

Wake Forest College makes a departure this year **The Wake Forest Summer School.** and will have a Summer School for teachers and, at the same time, a Pastors' Institute, beginning June 28th and continuing four weeks. Besides the Wake Forest Faculty the names of many of the leaders of the Baptist denomination in the State appear in the list of instructors and lecturers. Dr. W. H. Payne, President of the Peabody Normal College, of Nashville, is the star attraction for teachers.

With the Teachers' Assembly at Morehead, the Summer Schools at the University and Wake Forest, and the Educational Institutes in various counties to be conducted by members of the faculty of the State Normal and Industrial College and by others, the teachers of the State can, at small cost, profitably attend some educational gathering during the summer vacation.

When our account of commencement was written, it was our purpose to reproduce the press comments upon **Press Comments on Mr. Page's Address.** Mr. Pages address, but the comments are too long and too numerous and our space too limited to admit them all.

The following editorial from the *Charlotte Observer*, whose editor, Mr. J. P.

Caldwell, heard the address, is short and appreciative and we feel constrained to print it :

"The address of Walter H. Page, Esq., editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, before the State Normal and Industrial College for Women at Greensboro yesterday was one of the most intensely interesting and practical addresses delivered in the State during the present generation. Governor Russell said truly of it, in the course of his subsequent remarks in delivering copies of the constitution to the young lady graduates, that it was "remarkable and great." It was nothing short of either. Mr. Page delivered it in fine voice and with marked vigor of style, and enchained the audience during the whole fifty-five minutes occupied in the delivery. His theme was "The Forgotten Man," and this unfortunate citizen and his cause were handled by the able and distinguished speaker in a most artistic manner. Mr. Page is certainly among the very first men that the State has produced in the last forty-five years, and North Carolina never had better reason than she had yesterday to claim him with pride. If a stranger had come among us and told us the unpalatable but wholesome truths which he flung in our teeth we should all be foaming at the mouth to-day, but he spoke in the spirit of a devoted and dutiful son and it is to be hoped that what he said will do us all good."

Other papers, notably the *Wilmington Messenger*, while admitting the brilliancy of the address from the literary standpoint, have criticized strongly certain paragraphs. The most frequent unfavorable criticism has been in regard to the paragraphs on emigration.

Mr. Page said that, in 1890, 293,000 natives of North Carolina were living in other states and that only 52,000 emigrants from other states had come in to take their places, making a net loss to North Carolina of 241,000 citizens—about one-seventh of its population. His critics say that a slightly larger per cent of natives of Massachusetts leave Massachusetts than the per cent. of North Carolina natives leaving North Carolina. This is true, but for the 274,000 natives who leave Massachusetts 325,000 natives of other states move to that state besides more than 600,000 foreigners.

In other words, the net loss of North Carolina by emigration is 241,000, whereas the net gain in Massachusetts is more than 50,000 native Americans and half a million foreigners. North Carolina gives nearly six for one and Massachusetts gives less than one for two.

Moreover, the area of Massachusetts is only one sixth of the area of North Carolina and the average population to the square mile in Massachusetts numbers

about 300 and in North Carolina less than thirty-five. Doubtless the climate, the soil, and the large influx of foreigners drive out many natives of Massachusetts, whereas these influences all work the other way in North Carolina.

However, those who read all of Mr. Page's address will see that this is not the main thought in it, and that, even if they fail to agree with its author in every statement and illustration, they cannot fail to agree with the scholarly editor of the *Wilmington Messenger* when, notwithstanding several adverse criticisms, he says:

"There is much in Mr. Page's address for North Carolinians to think over. It will do good we may not doubt. It ought to incite others to activity and zeal in behalf of education. There is in truth a great need of educational advancement in our State. It must come."

AMONG OURSELVES.

Dr. Anna M. Gove, who has been on leave of absence in Europe for the past year doing special professional work, will return and assume her former duties as resident physician of the Normal and Industrial College in October. She expects to sail for America in the month of August. Dr. Gove has promised the editors of the Magazine a letter on her trip abroad. Those who were here with her for three years will give her a hearty welcome.

Dr. Caroline Hetrick, who has been resident physician and teacher of physiology during Dr. Gove's absence, has made many friends among the students, who are loath to part with her.

Miss Amy Homans, principal of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, paid our institution a visit this spring. She gave the students an exceedingly sensible and suggestive talk in which she complimented our college very highly in regard to the work it is doing. She left a message that each of us should carry with us through life: "Always make a neat appearance, carry yourself well, and speak the English language correctly." In expression, Miss Homan's own address was an object lesson in the use of the English language.

On the evening of March the 26th, the Adelphian Literary Society rendered "The Princess" in honor of the Cornelian Society, which was the guest of the

evening. With Miss Laura Coit, of Salisbury, as Princess, and Miss Della Miller of Asheville, as the Prince, supported by the very best talent of the institution, the evening passed very pleasantly and the rendition was a great success. The characters were well sustained as follows :

PRINCESS IDA	LAURA HILL COIT
LADY PSYCHE	FRANCES SUTTLE
LADY BLANCHE	LEONORA CANTWELL
MELISSA	MARY LILLINGTON MCKOY
VIOLET	SADIE HANES
THE PRINCE	DELLA MILLER
FLORIAN	ELSIE GWYN
CYRIL	TEMPLE PARKER
GAMA	BULUS BAGBY
IPSE	MADGE LITTLE

Miss Dora Duty Jones, of Washington, gave two of her delightful lectures at the college this spring. The first was on "The Madonna in Art," the second on "The Christ in Art." Miss Jones is a North Carolinian and a woman of whom the state is justly proud.

Mr. Brown's vocal music class gave another of their charming recitals, Thursday afternoon, April 8th. The following programme was rendered :

Melba Waltz	Arditt
Golden Days	Rodney
MISS DELLA MILLER.	
Violin Solo	Selected
MRS. G. R. BROWN.	
Black Eyes and Blue	Root
Love's Golden Dream	Lennox
MISS SADIE HANES.	
Afterwards	Mullen
Thine Eyes Will Tell	Selected
MISS MARY LITTLE.	
Villanelle	Dell'Aqua
MRS. C. R. BROWN.	
How Can I Leave Thee	Cramer
Ballad	Selected
MISS MARY L. MCKOY.	
Away Pierrot	DeKoven
My Heart is o'er the Sea	W. Carlton
MISS BLANCHE FOLSOM.	

Several of our students spent Easter Sunday in Winston. Among those who went were Misses Ada Gudger, Fannie Landis, Addie Malone, Mattie Griffin, Lina Wiggins, Mamie Hinshaw, Rosa Baily, Pearl Griffith, Sadie Hanes, and Rosalind Shepperd.

Miss Alice Lee, of Mocksville, recently spent a few days at the college on her way home from a visit to Baltimore. She was a guest of her sister, Miss Bertha.

Miss Bessie Whitaker was called to her home in Raleigh several weeks ago, on account of her father's illness. We are glad to hear of his gradual recovery.

The Normal was visited by Misses Anna and Louise Smith of Asheville a few weeks ago.

The Senior class was entertained in a delightful manner by Miss Kirkland on the evening of Tuesday, April 27th.

A number of our students attended the concert given by the U. N. C. Glee Club at the Academy of Music, Friday evening, April 23rd. The entertainment throughout was excellent, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all, as shown by the numerous encores.

ARBOR DAY.

Early in the morning, on the 30th of April, the students assembled in the chapel to celebrate Arbor Day with the Senior Class.

The Senior Class led the procession from the chapel to the campus, followed by the children of the Practice School, then by the classes, each wearing its own colors.

The Seniors gathered around the spot chosen for their tree, an oak having been selected.

The class song, composed by Miss Eskridge, class poet of '97, was sung. Miss Donnelly, the president of the class, then made an appropriate address, and the class contribution having been placed at the root of the tree, she threw upon it the first shovel of earth, each member of the class adding to the pile her tribute.

The song, the "Monarch of the Forest," was then sung with fond hopes that when the class of '97 should be dispersed the oak might rear "its branches decked with green" in the sunlight of many sweet and solemn Arbor Days, when in the early spring sunshine, other classes should come to plant their trees ere they too scattered, and might furnish by its pleasant shade a gentle reminder of the class. The spade

was then presented to the Junior class and accepted in behalf of the class of '98 by its president, Miss Parsley. After this Miss Donnelly announced that we would have holiday much to the joy of all classes. "Carolina" was sung and the exercises were completed. After this a delightful breakfast was served the class in the dining room, the marshals acting as attendants. In the evening at eight o'clock the students again assembled and were charmingly entertained by the class history and prophecy presented in the form of a play entitled, "On the Banks of the Styx."

In the first scene, the shades of the class appeared and Miss DeVane recounted the class history. The second scene, the revelation of the prophecy, was strikingly unique. Miss West, the prophet, had the figures to stand forth as in life and truly the fields of labor they were filling were varied and useful. The great, the strong, the helpful formed a tableau of striking significance.

Then leaving grave matters they gave a characteristic entertainment of an Infantile Senior class, turning to Old Mother Goose for a model.

The evening was much enjoyed, indeed the whole day. We wish for the class about to leave and for their tree all growth and strength and usefulness. Long may '97 live.

E. FOUST '97.

The class of 1900, on the evening of May 13th, entertained the other classes in the chapel. They gave that most pleasing little farce "A Box of Monkeys." The occasion was greatly enjoyed and the entertainment did great credit to those who managed it. The cast was as follows :

EDWARD RALSTON.....	EDNA HIRSHINGER
CHAUNCEY OGLETHORPE.....	TEMPIE PARKER
MRS. ONDEGO JONES.....	LEONORA CANTWELL
SIERRA BENGALINE.....	ADA GUDGER
LADY GUINEVERE LLANDPOORE.....	OCTAVIA BOATWRIGHT

On the afternoon of May the 13th, Mrs. Charles D. McIver gave a drive to Guilford Battle Ground complimentary to the class of '97. The afternoon was beautiful and the drive and the tempting lunch served at the Battle Ground were much enjoyed. It could easily be told how happy the young women were by the way they made the woods resound with their class song on their way home.

We hear that the Normal will be well represented at the commencement exercises of the University. Among those who expect to attend are Misses Lilla Young, of Winston, Mary Lil McKoy, of Wilmington, Margaret McCaull, of Greensboro, and Emily Gibson, of Concord.

Misses Bertha Lee, Laura Coit, Lucy Glenn, and Penelope Davis will attend the Y. W. C. A. summer school at Asheville this summer.

Mrs. Gwyn, of Waynesville, spent a few days recently with her daughter Miss Elsie.

Miss Mary Williams, of Reidsville, formerly a member of '98 was the guest of Miss Jessie Smith a few days ago.

Miss Lilla Young enjoyed a short visit recently from her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Young, of Winston.

We are glad to have Miss Stella Middleton with us again. She has been assisting in the English department this spring.

It is reported that during the summer all the buildings will be re-plastered.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

The Alumnae Association held its annual meeting at the Normal, Saturday, May 15, 1897. The result of the election of officers was as follows:

President, Miss Mary Lewis Harris, Winston, N. C.

Vice-President, Miss Barnette Miller, Columbia, S. C.

Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Mary Saunders, Greensboro, N. C.

The following members were present:

'93, Miss Annie M. Page, Greensboro Female College.

“ Miss Bertha M. Lee, State Normal and Industrial College.

'95, Miss Nettie Allen, State Normal and Industrial College.

“ Miss Mary Arrington, Rocky Mount, N. C.

“ Miss Mary Bradley, Gastonia, N. C.

“ Miss Barnette Miller, Columbia, S. C.

“ Miss Ethel Parmele, Wilmington, N. C.

“ Miss Jessie Wills Page, Aberdeen, N. C.

“ Miss Etta Spier, Goldsboro, N. C.

'96, Miss Laura Coit, State Normal and Industrial College.

“ Miss Cornie Deaton, Mooresville, N. C.

“ Miss Tina Lindley, Greensboro, N. C.

“ Miss Stella Middleton, Warsaw, N. C.

“ Miss Annie May Pittman, Greensboro, N. C.

“ Miss Mary Saunders, State Normal and Industrial College.

Miss Margaret McIver, '93, was married in September, 1895, to Mr. R. Bowen, and now lives at Red Mountain, N. C.

Miss Virginia Taylor, '94, is principal of the Mineola High School in Hertford County. She taught in the city schools of Greensboro and at Steadman, N. C., before her election to her present position.

Miss Bessie Battle, '95, has been teaching in the Durham Graded Schools during the past two years.

Miss Mary Bradley, '95, has a position as book-keeper in Gastonia, N. C.

Miss Martha Carter, '95, has been visiting in Virginia. She taught in the Taylorsville schools the year after her graduation.

Miss Jessie Wills Page, '95, has had charge of a private school in Aberdeen, N. C.

Miss Sallie Grant, '95, has been teaching at Durant's Neck, N. C.

Miss Margaret Perry, '95, is now at her home in Statesville, N. C. She was assistant teacher in the Latin department at the Normal last year, but was obliged to resign on account of ill health.

Miss Margaret Parker, '95, has been teaching in Norfolk, Va., this year. She discharged her obligation to the State by teaching two years at High Point and Lasker, N. C.

Miss Annie E. Parker, '95, was last year a member of the faculty of Aurora Academy, Locust, N. C. She lately paid us a pleasant visit of a few days, on her way home from Miss Ufford's School, Albemarle, Stanly County, where she has been teaching this year.

Miss Laura Switzer, '95, taught during the past year in the city schools of St. Petersburg, Fla. She is expected home, at Beaufort, this month.

Miss Emily Asbury, '96, is teaching near Morganton.

Miss Cornie Deaton, '96, is teaching in the Barium Springs Orphanage, North Carolina.

Miss Jeannie Ellington, '96, is living at home in Reidsville, N. C.

Miss Mary Lazenby, '96, has had charge of the third grade in the Charlotte city schools during the past year.

Miss Mary Saunders, '96, has been at the Normal this year as assistant teacher of Latin.

Miss Carrie Weaver, '96, has been teaching in the High Point Institute this year.

ABOUT FORMER STUDENTS.

Miss Evelyn Coleman, formerly of '97, is in the New York City Hospital taking the training necessary to become a professional nurse.

Miss Lillian DeVane has been, for the past few months, governess in a family near Rocky Mount.

Miss Almira Ford Allen was married on April 28, 1897, to Mr. Daniel C. Whitehurst. They will reside at Elizabeth City, N. C.

Miss Kittie B. Cromartie, who was here in '93-'94, has been teaching at Kur, N. C.

Miss Flora Patterson, formerly of '98, has taught for the past year in New London, N. C.

Miss Madeleine Douglas, formerly of '97, made her debut into Washington society this winter, and, among other social distinctions, received with Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Lamont. After spending the spring in Norfolk, Va., she has lately returned to Greensboro.

Miss Rosa Freeland has been teaching a private school at Little Island, Virginia Beach, Va.

Miss Jane Steinhilper has been doing work as stenographer in Fayetteville since leaving school.

Miss Stella Grimsley taught last year in the Glenwood Academy, Snow Hill, N. C.

Miss Nannie E. Battle has been teaching a private school in Battleboro, N. C.

Miss Annie M. Lewis has been teaching music in High Point, N. C., for the past two years.

Miss Penelope Whedbee, of Hertford, was married to Mr. Sydney McMullen, of the same place, on the 27th of April, 1897.

Miss Margaret Walton taught, during the last year, in a private family at Sunbeam, Va.

Miss Mary Helen Price, formerly of '98, has been attending the Presbyterian College, Charlotte, N. C., during the last term, and has been elected chief editor of the college magazine.

Miss Kate Braddy had charge of a private school in Westbrook, N. C., last year.

Miss Jennie Bailey, after taking a kindergartner's training course, has taught in the public schools of Hartford, Conn.

Miss Clarkie McLean has been teaching school near Affinity, N. C.

Miss Nannie Clark will graduate at St. Mary's this June.

Miss Mary Dancy Battle has been teaching at her home in Radford, Va.

Miss Annie Travis has taught for two years in the public schools of Duplin county.

Miss Kate Shearon is teaching near Rocky Mount.

Miss Florida Foxhall has been teaching a public school in Edgecombe county.

Miss Georgia McLeod, so pleasantly remembered by those who were at the Normal during the opening year, taught for one year in the city schools of Wilmington. She is now Mrs. M. L. Stover and is living in Wilmington.

Miss Lyde Taylor, of La Grange, N. C., was married to Mr. Guire, May, 1897.

A larger number of "former students" than usual attended commencement this year, adding much to the pleasure of the occasion. Among the number were:

Misses Mary and Lizzie Dail, Snow Hill, N. C.

Miss Lillian Wyche, Statesville, N. C.

Miss Maggie Howard, Tarboro, N. C.

Miss Sallie Barbee, Fish Dam, N. C.

Miss Leila Cobb, Goldsboro, N. C.

Miss Blanche Ferguson.

Miss Hattie Bunn, Rocky Mount, N. C.